

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

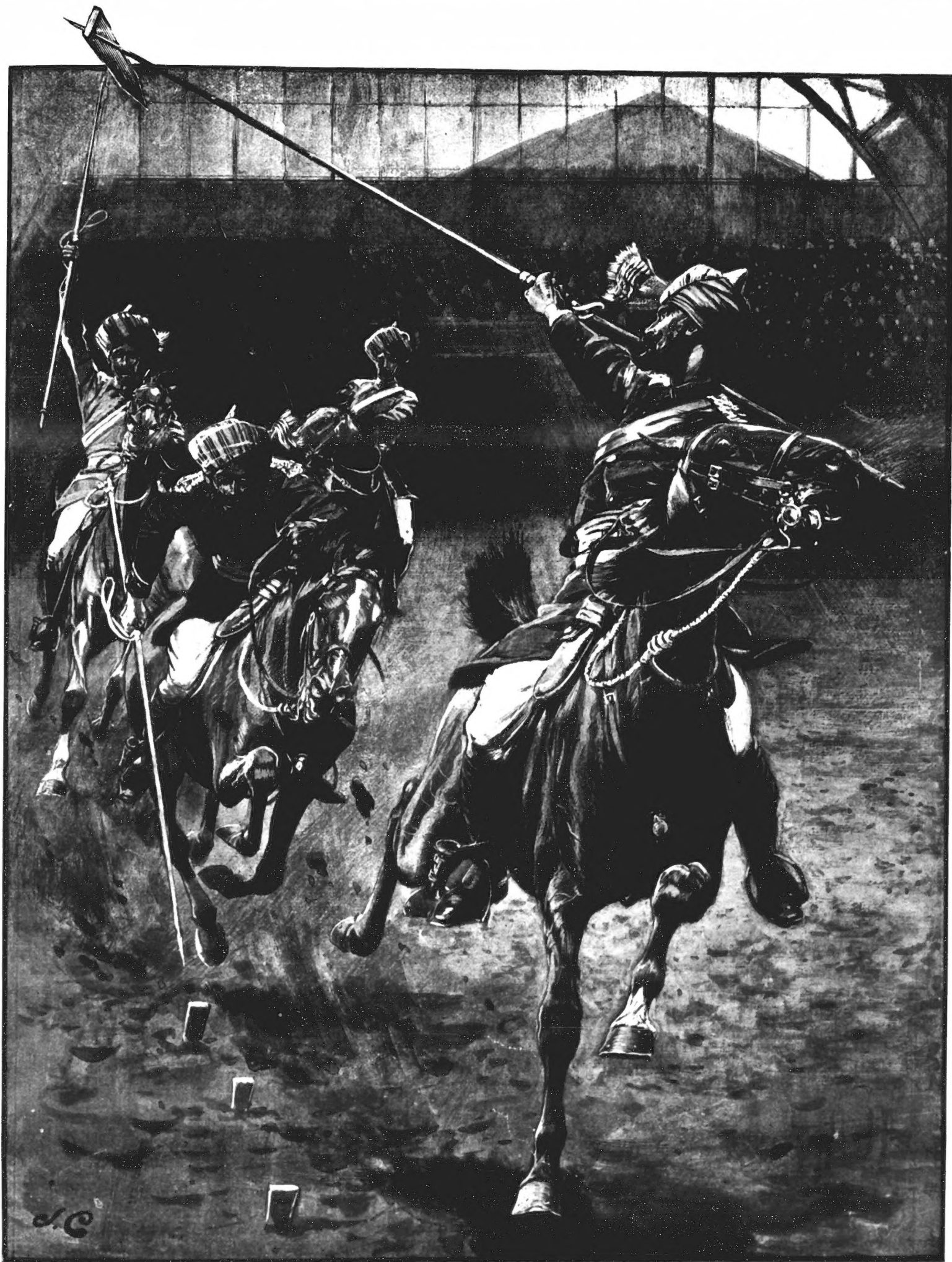
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SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1902

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
"The Nimble Galliard" and "A Lady of the Chamber to
the Archduchess Isabella"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



One of the most popular events in the programme at the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall is the tent-pegging by the Indian cavalrymen. These fine horsemen ride at the tent-pegs at a terrific pace. Their wild yell of triumph when they succeed and howl of disappoint-

ment at a failure greatly delight the crowd, already fascinated by the splendour of the dark-skinned troopers

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: TENT PEGGING BY A BENGAL LANCER

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Topics of the Week

Tranquil France

THERE is no country in the world which has greater recuperative powers than France when the best qualities of her people are allowed to assert themselves. The world is apt to judge France by the frothy extravagances of the mercurial Parisian, and thinks far too little of the sober, thrifty, and long-headed provincials, who are, after all, the backbone of the State. This vulgar misjudgment is now undergoing a very striking correction. Thanks to the eminently sane administration of the men now in power the Republic has acquired a stability which is not excelled by any other European State. Nothing has been more eloquent of the true instincts of the great bulk of the French people than the readiness with which they have lately supported at the polls the unpretentious and unimaginative leadership of men like M. Loubet and M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The truth is that the somewhat phlegmatic President and his eminently practical Prime Minister are far more typical of the average Frenchman than is generally imagined. Besides, so far as striking successes in statecraft are concerned, they are not without a very respectable record. If they are not quite so emotional as M. de Cassagnac or M. Lemaître would wish them, they are certainly neither humdrum nor stupid. They have shown that internal tranquillity can be secured without setting class against class, and that external prestige can be maintained without eternally rolling the eyes and rattling the sword in the scabbard. There was an idea some time ago that so essentially civilian a Government as that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau would not be popular in Russia, and that the Tsar would not take kindly to a Peasant-President who did not regard it as his first duty to humour the army at the expense of the nation. As a matter of fact, the exact reverse was the case. There is no European Chancellery in which the consolidation of the present régime in France has not been hailed as a blessing, and we have a measure of the depth and genuineness of this sentiment in the remarkable welcome extended to M. Loubet during his visit to Russia. The present Government has, indeed, brilliantly vindicated its own modesty. Anxious only to do its duty, it has not only given the country a calm such as it has not enjoyed for more than a generation, but it has also done very notable things in the domain of foreign policy. It has sensibly strengthened the alliance with Russia; it has conciliated Italy, and at the same time has immensely strengthened the position of the Republic in the Mediterranean, and by its skilful utilisation of the Rochambeau celebration, it has gone far towards eclipsing the German Emperor's courtship of the United States. M. Waldeck-Rousseau may well feel that the moment has arrived when he may safely indulge himself by retiring from office. He has done wonders during the last three years, and not the least is the creation of a stable situation which renders his own personality no longer indispensable.

Victoria Day as Empire Day

IN India and several leading Colonies the birthday of our late dearly loved Queen is kept annually under the name of "Victoria Day." This loyal celebration spontaneously sprung up some years before her ever-to-be-lamented death, and its popularity appears to have acquired a permanent character. It is kept as a high holiday for all; old and young, the classes and the masses associate in keeping green the memory of Victoria the Good and Great, in their several ways. Odd to say, the country in which she passed all her long life, and on which she conferred unmeasured benefits, does not yet join with Greater Britain in this annual testimony of appreciative gratitude. It is not that the feeling does not exist in the United Kingdom quite as warmly and quite as sincerely as in any part of the external Empire. There is not a village in the land which does not treasure her beneficent memory. But that peculiar shyness in demonstrating sentiment which characterises the English people has operated, so far, to prevent the adoption of Victoria Day as a British institution. Now, however, that the whole Empire calls for the appointment of one particular day in every year for the celebration of the Imperial Unification so suddenly and unexpectedly brought to pass by the Boer War, it would be a grateful and gracious thing to adopt Victoria Day for the purpose. That would serve to commemorate the fact that, although full of years and infirmities, our late Queen never flinched an inch from upholding the rights of the land she loved so well when they were challenged in South Africa.

The Late Lord Pauncefote

IN Lord Pauncefote the British Empire has lost a diplomatist, the value of whose services it is difficult to exaggerate. During the whole period of his thirteen years at Washington he set before himself, as his main purpose, the duty of maintaining friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States. His task was often by no means easy. The Americans, perhaps because they are a younger nation, suffer from a certain touchiness which sees offence where none is meant, and are correspondingly anxious to assert themselves when there is no necessity for self-assertion. This difficulty of character is aggravated by the peculiarities of the American Constitution, which confer upon one branch of the legislature the power of revising the treaties negotiated by the executive Government. It is, therefore, not enough for a foreign diplomatist to satisfy the American executive of the wisdom of any proposed step from the point of view of the American nation. In addition, he must obtain the goodwill of Senators who look at the question through spectacles coloured by local or sectional interests. A further difficulty with which all British Ambassadors at Washington have to deal is the persistent hostility of the Irish-Americans, who exercise an influence in American politics out of proportion to their numerical strength, and still more out of proportion to the respect in which they are held by the mass of the American people. Through all these difficulties Lord Pauncefote steered a course which commanded the admiration not less of Americans than of his own countrymen. Though he had necessarily at times to oppose the general current of American opinion, the American Press, with rare exceptions, recognised that at heart he was a sincere friend of America as well as a loyal servant of his own country. He, moreover, impressed all his critics with the conviction that he was incapable of doing anything dishonourable. The outcome of this universal conviction was strikingly manifested not many months ago, when the Germans, for reasons of their own, started the calumny that Lord Pauncefote, at the time of the Spanish-American war, had been secretly working in the interests of Spain. Without waiting for Lord Pauncefote's reply, the Americans who knew him at once declared that the thing was impossible. A man who can create such a reputation as this is worth more to the country he serves and to the country to which he is accredited than any number of astute diplomatists trained in all the intrigues of their craft, for in the long run good-fellowship between nations depends upon the conviction of each that common interest lies in mutual friendship, and nothing is more likely to promote that conviction than honourable diplomacy.

Naval Guns and Submarine Craft

THOSE who have assumed, as a good many appear to have done, that the very last finishing touch had been given to our naval armaments must be disagreeably disappointed by the outcome of recent trials at Barrow. Instead of being in the van, as was commonly supposed, England lags miserably behind in the effectiveness of the secondary armaments of her warships. They are notably inferior in penetrative force, and it follows, therefore, that our gallant sailors would be sorely handicapped if they had to fight the better-armed foreign vessels. The student of history will not need to be reminded of what happened when this country was last at war with the United States, and how disaster after disaster occurred to our frigates entirely through their being overmatched both in size and in weight of broadside fire by those of the enemy. That, then, is the deadly peril brought into vivid light by the Barrow exposition of British up-to-date ordnance, and it rests with the Admiralty to deal with the matter at once, be the cost what it may. Almost as urgent is the need for largely augmenting the submarine fleet. The Government acted prudently enough by postponing this addition to our maritime fighting strength until France and other Powers had completed their experiments. For a time it certainly appeared that an effective submarine war craft remained to be designed. But as experts pronounce that these initial difficulties lie behind and that there is no further doubt about the utility of immersible gunboats under certain conditions, the nation has a right to insist on an adequate supply being ordered, and that, too, of the very best. Our naval supremacy must be maintained, even if the estimates have to be doubled, for there is no other way of safeguarding these isles from starvation and our colonies from raids.

Illustrated Articles on
"NEW POSTAGE STAMPS"
AND
"TRAINING A DERBY WINNER"
Are among the features of this week's
GOLDEN PENNY.

The Court

THE Royal birthday celebration at the end of May having been a fixture for over half a century, it is peculiarly fitting that May 30 should be chosen for the official celebration of King Edward's birthday, although the real anniversary, of course, falls in November. But apart from keeping up the tradition, November is a dreary month for Royal festivities, especially with regard to military spectacle. Accordingly, yesterday (Friday) was to be kept in much the same way as Queen Victoria's birthday. "Trooping the Colour" at the Horse Guards would be the chief ceremony, duly attended by Royalty, with the addition of the King presenting colours to the Irish Guards. Reviews at the chief military stations, Ministerial banquets and holiday in all Government establishments were also to mark the day.

The Court came back from Windsor at the end of last week in time for the King and Queen to be present at the opening of the Royal Military Tournament. There was more ceremony than usual about the visit, the King wearing his Field-Marshal's uniform and the Royal party being received by guards of honour of blue-jackets and Coldstream Guards. Princess Victoria and the Duke and Duchess of Fife accompanied the King and Queen, who stayed three hours watching the display, Lord Roberts sitting by Queen Alexandra to explain various points of the performance. The Duke and Duchess of Fife lunched with their Majesties on Saturday, the King giving various audiences—to Lord Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, to the Marquis de Breteuil, and to Lord Chesham. On Sunday the King and Queen with Princess Victoria attended the morning Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and afterwards went to see the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Clarence House and Prince and Princess Christian at Schomberg House. Their Majesties frequently spend their evenings at the Opera.

The Prince and Princess of Wales came back to town from Frogmore on Saturday, and on Monday the Princess kept her thirty-fifth birthday. The Prince and Princess were at the Royal Military Tournament on Wednesday, and at the Alhambra *matinée* in aid of the London Lifeboat Saturday Fund on the following day. Next Friday they will be present at the Royal Institution, when Sir Benjamin Baker lectures on the new irrigation works in the Nile delta.

HIS MAJESTY AND THE HOSPITALS. BIRTHDAY GIFTS TO THE KING.

Heads of families who adopt the Prince of Wales's idea of a family gift to the King for the hospitals on his birthday, May 30, by receiving at the tables the voluntary offerings of their family and household, should pay the total contribution into the nearest bank to the credit of the Lord Mayor of London, Coronation Gift Account, and cut out, fill in, and post the following:—

NOTICE OF FAMILY GIFT.

"FAMILY GIFT."

To the Lord Mayor of London, Mansion House, E.C.

Please record the name of the undersigned family for entry in the Book of the Coronation Gift.

OUR CONTRIBUTION ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 30.

£.....s.....d., was paid this day into the

Bank at to the credit of the Coronation Gift A/c at Messrs. Prescott, Dinsdale & Co., Tugwell & Co.'s Bank, 50, Cornhill, London, E.C.

Signature.....

Name of Family.....

Address.....

Date.....

N.B.—Cut out, fill in, and post to the Lord Mayor as above.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S CORONATION.

"THE GRAPHIC" PUBLICATIONS.

Though there are many thousands who will be unable to see for themselves the ceremonies and festivities in connection with the King's Coronation, there are none who may not realise the grandeur and magnificence of the celebration throughout the British Empire through the medium of faithful illustrations by celebrated artists and descriptions by able literary men.

With this object in view, the Proprietors of "The Graphic" Publications have made arrangements to send to subscribers so wishing it the whole Coronation Series of their three papers as follows:—

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First-class cuisine.
From Albert Dock, Leith, to Aberdeen, Caithness, and the Orkney and Shetland Islands every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from Aberdeen five times in the week from beginning of May to end of September.
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THE SPECIAL EXPRESS TICKETS may be obtained on and from May 31, at the Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and 6, Arthur Street East, which offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m., June 2, 3, 4 and 5, and at Hays', 26, Old Bond Street, and 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.
For Particulars, see Handbills, or address Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C. Railway, London Bridge.

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£3 3s. to £12 12s. PER SEAT.
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CORONATION MILITARY REVIEW OF BRIGADES FOR BOYS, June 14th.

BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
All the Seats on the Grand Stand erected by the Government on the Horse Guards Parade have been placed by the Committee with Dr. Lunn for disposal.
Full particulars on application to the Secretary, 3, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

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11.0 The Musical Bowens	5.45 to 6.45 Coins, Conjurers
11.30 The Tall Tenor	6.15 The Royal Cingalese
11.37 Lys Wieland, Serio	7.0 The World's Great Show
11.47 The Sisters Woerth	7.0 Full Orchestral Band
11.57 The Cori Dancers	7.5 The Musical Bowens
12.7 The Sisters Cousins	7.20 The Great Zidney
12.17 Clown Leario and Hala	7.30 M. Gruber, Circus
12.32 Edie Hamilton, Serio	7.30 The Sisters Woerth
12.42 Eugene and Willie	7.42 Comical Walker
12.52 Hina, Funambulist	7.50 The Sisters Veli
1.0 Swimming Entertainment	7.55 Mlle. Powell, Circus
1.0 to 2.0 Organ, Conjuring, &c.	8.0 The Tall Tenor
1.30 The Bull Fight	8.5 Kling's Six-Horse Act
1.50 The Royal Cingalese	8.12 The Bortoloni Brothers
2.0 The World's Great Show	8.22 Eugene and Willie
2.0 Full Orchestral Band	8.30 The Almonte Pantomimists
2.5 The Sisters Veli	8.45 Bisini, Circus Act
2.10 M. Gruber, Circus	8.50 The Boxing Horses
2.16 Bortoloni Brothers	8.57 The Renowned Ella Zuila
2.20 Mlle. Powell, Circus	9.10 The Bull Fight
2.30 Comical Walker	9.12 Mlle. Bisini, Circus
2.37 Bisini, Circus Act	9.17 M. and Mlle. Powell, Circus
2.45 Mlle. Kling, Circus	9.28 The Royal Cingalese
2.52 Zidney, Juggler, &c.	9.35 Bisini, Ten-Horse Act
3.2 The Liberty Horses	9.48 Remarkable Living Pictures
3.8 Renowned Ella Zuila	10.5 Swimming Entertainments
3.25 The Almonte Pantomimists	10.10 Grand Organ and Ballad
3.40 The Musical Clowns	10.20 Full Orchestral Band
3.48 Grand Circus Act	10.25 Katie Kyrle, Vocalist
3.53 The Boxing Horses	10.30 Adelina's Impersonations
4.0 The Bull Fight	10.40 Powell Vaulting Act
4.2 Adelina's Impersonations	10.45 Leario and Dog Hala
4.12 M. and Mlle. Powell, Circus	10.58 Gruber, Circus Act
4.24 The Royal Cingalese	11.5 Hina, Funambulist
4.32 Liberty, 10 Horses	11.15 The Sisters Cousins
4.45 Remarkable Living Pictures	11.22 Edie Hamilton, Serio
5.5 Swimming Entertainments	11.27 Lulu Corri, Dancer
5.20 to 6.20 Organ, Conjuring, &c.	11.30 The Band, Quick March
	11.35 God Save the King

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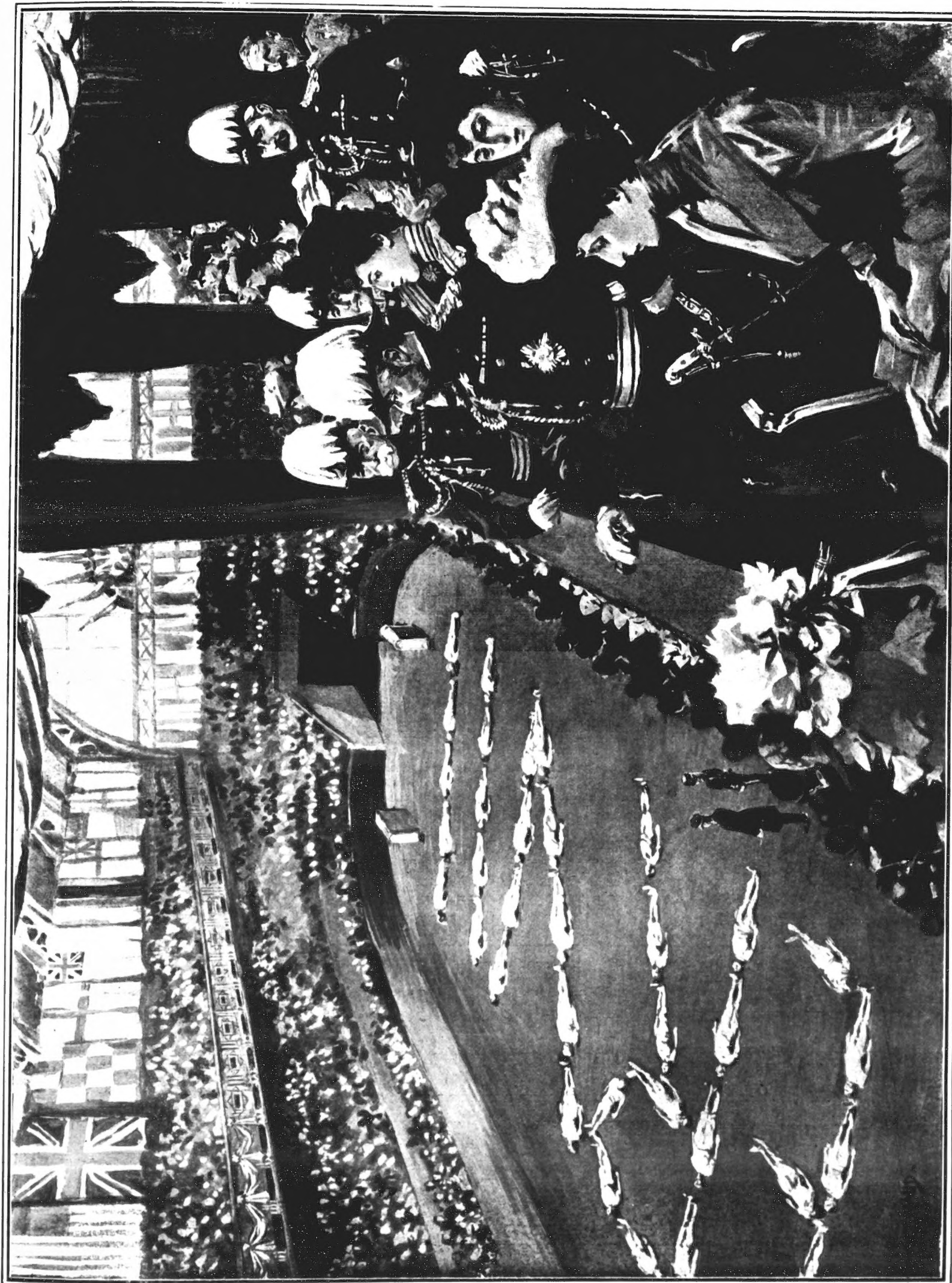
MADAME JANE HADIG, WHO IS ACTING AT THE CORONET THEATRE

TWO GREAT RIVAL FRENCH ACTRESSES NOW APPEARING IN LONDON

From Photographs by Keatlinger



MADAME RÉJANE, WHO IS ACTING AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE



The King and Queen were present at the Royal Military Tournament on the opening day last week. A large bunch of roses was placed in front of the seat in the Royal Box occupied by Her Majesty. The King appeared to take the greatest interest in the various events in the programme, and was particularly amused when the sergeant instructors from Aldershot finished up their display by suddenly forming the letters "E. K. VII." in letters forty feet long in the arena.

THE KING AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: WATCHING A DISPLAY BY SERGEANT INSTRUCTORS FROM ALDERSHOT GYMNASIUM

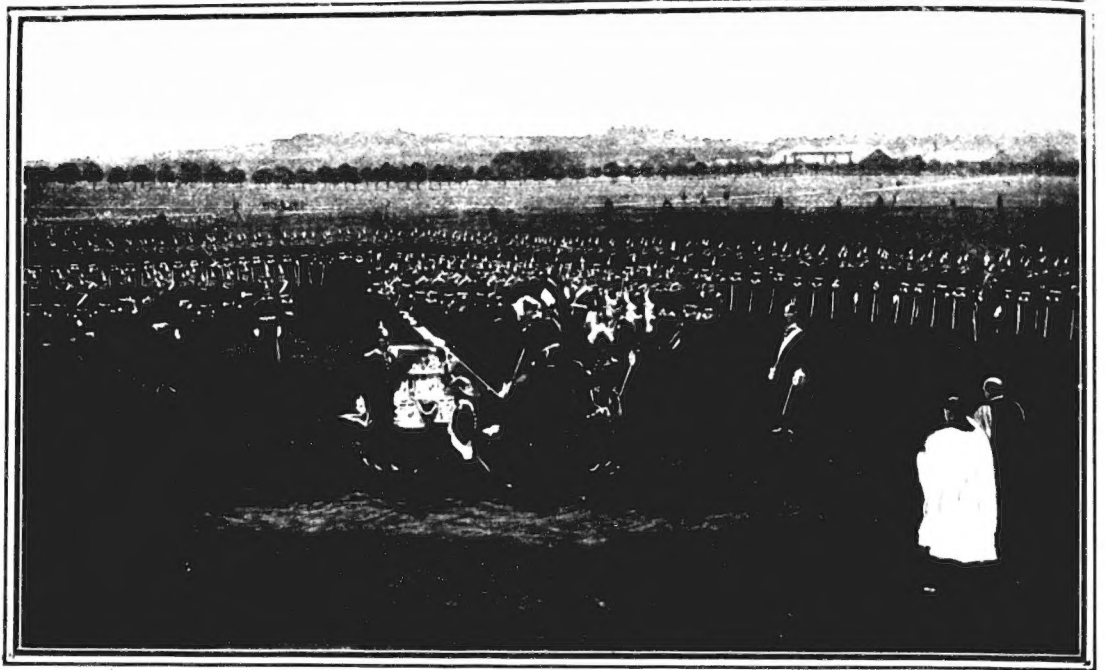
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The Theatres

BY V. MOY THOMAS

"THERE AND BACK"

PRALINE, the brazen heroine of *The Girl from Maxim's*, who forced her unwelcome society upon married gentlemen unfortunate enough to have made her acquaintance in their flirtation days, had but a short career at the CRITERION theatre a month or two ago; but, like Burns's John Barleycorn, newly risen from his latest interment, this pertinacious young lady is on her feet again in Mr. George Arliss's new farce at the PRINCE OF WALES'S. For Miss Marie Antoinette Smith in this piece is no other than Praline with a new name. How little the author cares to conceal that fact is sufficiently shown by the circumstance that in each instance the part is played by that pleasantly pert and sprightly actress, Miss Beatrice Ferrar. Why, indeed, should he care? Was not Praline herself the representative of a long line of predecessors of the same type? The question may really be extended to the entire play. The humorously audacious fibber of the stage is at least as old as the Menteur of Corneille, and certainly much older than the Bugiardo of Goldoni, and here we have Mr. Charles Hawtrey once more as an unvarnished husband, still unabashed, though hopelessly floundering amidst the wreckage of his own inventions. This time we find him driven by the persecutions of an old flame to pretend, with the aid of an accomplice and fellow-sufferer, that he has been to New York in pursuit of health when the twain have really been to Scotland to avoid Miss Marie Antoinette Smith, and even inventing a story of their sufferings by shipwreck, which, of course, ultimately involves both of them in shame and humiliation. Mr. Hawtrey, in such a part as William Waring, needs no commendation at my hands. He is this time, as I have already noted, associated with another variety of the same type, who is played with much humour by Mr. Arthur Williams. Other parts are played with great spirit by Mr. Arthur Playfair,



Lord Roberts visited Aldershot last Saturday for the purpose of presenting colours to the 3rd Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. The battalion was drawn up in quarter column on the Queen's Parade, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Gethin. After the colours had been consecrated, Lord Roberts, addressing the regiment, said that under various designations, from 1685 up to the present time, the Manchester Regiment had taken a noble part in the military history of our country, and had gained for itself a reputation which was now handed on to them as a splendid heritage to guard and augment. Our photograph is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

LORD ROBERTS PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 3RD MANCHESTER REGIMENT



DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER

FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARNOTT

A Correspondent writes:—"I travelled down the Brahmaputra on the same steamer as a party of Gurkhas, who were on their way to join their regiment. They were wiry little fellows, ready for anything. One night the steamer was brought to anchor on account of the fog, and the Gurkhas went ashore and cooked food for themselves."

GURKHAS ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THEIR REGIMENT: PREPARING THEIR FOOD



This photograph is the latest portrait of Princess Elizabeth, wife of Prince Albert of Belgium, and the first of the little Prince Leopold, heir to the Belgian throne, whose birth brought such joy to the family of King Leopold last November. The Princess is, it will be remembered, the daughter of the Duke of Bavaria, whose skill as an oculist is well known all over Europe. The baptism of the infant Prince will take place in the Lieken chapel early in June. Our portrait is by Gunther, Brussels.

THE PRINCESS ALBERT OF BELGIUM AND THE HEIR TO THE THRONE

Mr. Lyle, Miss Helen Macbeth and Miss Henrietta Watson. The result is frequent explosions of laughter. What more need the farce writer desire?

"ZAZA" IN ENGLISH

The space at our disposal does not enable us to do more than chronicle the re-opening of the ROYALTY under the management of Mrs. Lewis Waller and the reproduction there of Mr. David Belasco's version of *Zaza*, which, after a prosperous career in the suburbs and the country, is thus domiciled in town for the first time since Mrs. Leslie Carter was playing in this piece at the GARRICK rather more than two years ago. The spirit and resourcefulness of Mrs. Waller's impersonation have been widely acknowledged as have the merits of her excellent company, prominent among whom is Mr. Leonard Boyne, who imparts a special air of distinction to the otherwise rather weak and colourless Dufresne.

FRENCH PERFORMANCES

The rather startling outbreak of French performances in London had its commencement on Monday evening in the simultaneous appearance, with their respective companies, of Madame Réjane and Madame Jane Hading—the former in *Zaza* at the IMPERIAL, the latter in *Le Maître de Forges*, in the rather remote suburb of Notting Hill Gate. Madame Jane Hading's beautiful performance, as the heroine of Ohnet's dramatised story, is no novelty to the patrons of French performances in this country, and it will be enough to note that, in spite of a rival attraction nearer to town, this great and original actress met with a reception that augurs well for the success of her latest engagement. On the other hand, Madame Réjane's *Zaza* is only familiar to us in the sense that the part of the coarse and vulgar music-hall star fitfully transformed by the power of love, which is understood to have been intended expressly for her by the authors,

MM. Pierre Berton and Charles Simon, brings into full requisition all the well-known qualities which characterise Madame Réjane's style and method. The part is conceived, as the play indeed is constructed, on that principle of striking contrasts which Victor Hugo maintained to be the secret of how to *passionner la scène*. Thus, as the author of *Notre Dame* planted a deep, unselfish passion in the breast of the hideously deformed and misanthropic Quasimodo, and showed the cynical King's Jester Triboulet to be capable of an exquisite parental tenderness, so do the authors of *Zaza* exhibit their heroine as the debased associate of the vulgar herd who haunt the low provincial singing café, only to depict her later on as inspired by a pure and self-sacrificing love. The trick is obvious enough, and the situations by which it is in this instance developed are certainly not new. The scene, for example, in which *Zaza* is moved from her vindictive purpose by the artless prattle of the child of the man who has secretly played her false is the great situation in Mosenthal's fine play, which is known to our stage as *Leah*. It is, however, with such material as this that this great actress produces her greatest effects. It is not merely power, but great variety of power, as is seen in that moving scene of the fourth act—the stormy and exciting interview with Dufresne, in which, amidst all its painful realism, the predominant note is pathos.

Of the two distinguished French artists who this week have appeared in London Mme. Réjane is much the more familiar figure. Since 1890, when she first came over, she has been a frequent visitor, and with the solitary exception of Sarah Bernhardt no French actress is more popular here than the brilliant comedienne of the Paris VAUDEVILLE. Madame Gabrielle Réjane in private life is Madame Porel, was born in Paris in 1857, and her husband is the director of the VAUDEVILLE, where she is under contract to give a certain number of performances each year. Her maiden name was Gabrielle Réju, and she was brought up in a theatrical atmosphere, for both her parents were employed at the AMBIGU theatre. She made her debut at the VAUDEVILLE in *Lili* by M. Marc Monnier, and in the earlier part of her career was forced into a kind of competition with Madame Judic. Indeed, it was not until her brilliant performance in Richepin's play, *La Glu*, that her reputation became assured. One of the most notable and curious events in Mme. Réjane's career was her appearance in *Ma Cousine* at the VARIÉTÉS; her part included a dance of the *cancan* or *chahut* order, so the actress took lessons from the famous Grille d'Egout and delighted and astounded Paris by a performance of great skill and startling audacity. To give some idea of the actress's versatility, it may be mentioned that she has appeared with almost equal success as Germinie Lacerteux in the painful De Goncourt play, and as Portia in a French version of the *Merchant of Venice*. Londoners possibly know her best as "Sapho" and "Madame Sans-Gêne," but neither of these pieces are announced in her programme this time. Her two weeks' season at the Imperial is to include instead *Ma Cousine*, *La Parisienne*, *La Course du Flambeau*, which attracted so much attention at the CORONET Theatre last year, the inevitable *Zaza*, in which she made her first appearance and upon which she is mainly relying, and also *La Robe Rouge*, of which much has been heard but very little seen, though it is well known that Mr. Bourchier holds the English rights and meditates a production. Mme. Réjane is, perhaps, well advised in omitting *Sapho* this time. With two *Zazas* we can very well afford to dispense with two *Saphos*, and Miss Nethersole is likely to have the field to herself. Delightful comedienne that she is, those who have seen Mme. Réjane in *Sapho* and the above-mentioned *Course du Flambeau*, know that she has her great tragic moments, and she looks to-day as she did on the occasion of one of her first visits, when the writer first met her and found her not as comedienne or tragedienne, but as Mme. Réjane only, delighting every one at a river-side garden-party. Madame Hading, so long associated with the GYMNASE, where she has achieved many of her most notable successes, has not been in London for eight years, and is going to make up for this by giving us samples of all her repertoire. She was born at Marseilles in 1861, and made her debut in Paris in 1887. Her sympathetic face, with deep, expressive eyes, her quick, nervous movements, her wealth of red hair—the real Titian red; these all mark her out as an artist and a personality, and her long absence made her welcome doubly sure. She will make a longer stay



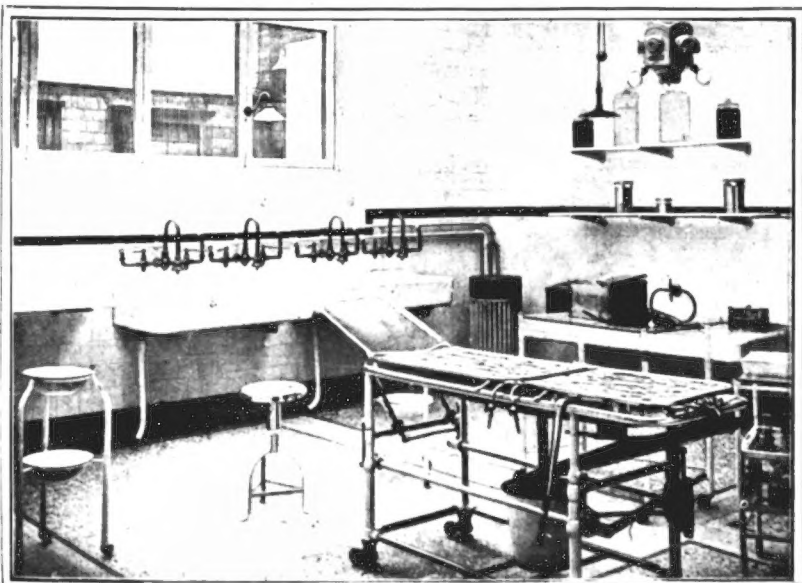
The costume to be worn by the Barons of the Cinque Ports at the Coronation will consist of the ordinary black velvet Court dress, over which will be a cloak of scarlet cloth, bordered with purple velvet and lined with white silk. The collar and the bars on the right shoulder are also of purple velvet, and the bars, wherever used, will have an edging of gold braid. Above the bars are worked the arms of the Cinque Ports. The waistcoat of white silk will be brocaded, and the loose round hat is of black velvet with a small stiffened brim of the same material. The costumes are being designed and made by Messrs. Simmonds and Sons, Haymarket.

COSTUME TO BE WORN BY BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS AT THE CORONATION

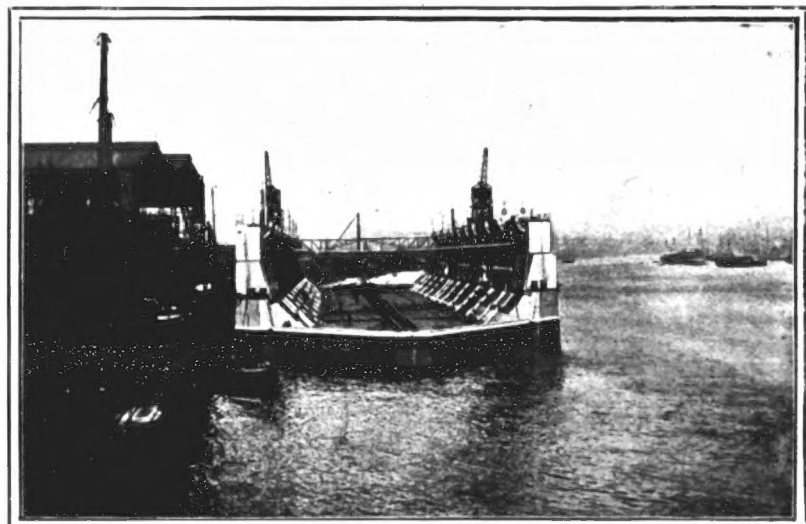
than Madame Réjane, having arranged for a month's season, and the principal items in her programme are, of course, *Le Maître de Forges*, in which she scored her first triumph and consolidated her reputation, *Les Demi-Vierges* (now re-christened *Mauds*) and *Frou-Frou*. With these two brilliant artists, the French season in London opens well, while we have only to wait until Monday week for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, with Mr. Marion Crawford's *Francesca da Rimini*.

A New Operating Theatre

LAST week the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, went in State to the London Hospital to open the new operating theatre, which has been built for that institution. "An anonymous donor had," said the Lord Mayor, in the course of his speech, "given 13,000*l.*, and the new building was due to that nameless person." Mr. Mansell-Moullin, the senior-surgeon, stated that the hospital now possessed a complete operating department, such as did not exist elsewhere in the United Kingdom. They not only had five operating theatres now, but lifts to carry patients to them, waiting-rooms for patients, anaesthetising rooms, recovery rooms, instrument and sterilising rooms; in short, an operating department complete in itself, and every precaution had been taken that the theatres should be as satisfactory as they could possibly be made. Our photograph is by J. P. Walden, East Dulwich.



THE NEW OPERATING THEATRE OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL



The new Bermuda floating dock is here shown undergoing its self-docking trials at Wallsend-on-Tyne. The centre pontoon is being self-docked and the fore and aft pontoons are submerged. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by Bolak's Electrotyping Agency.

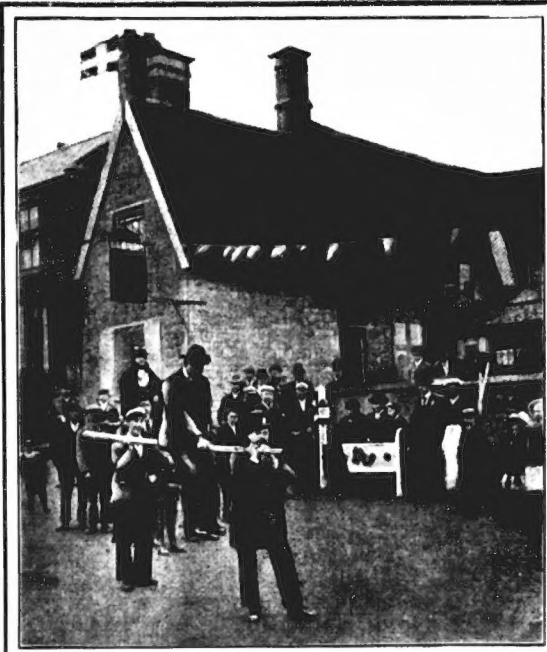
THE LARGEST FLOATING DOCK IN THE WORLD



STARTING ON THEIR RACE
THE LATEST THING IN SWITCHBACKS: THE NEW GRAVITY STEEPLE-
CHASE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

Boer Prisoners in India

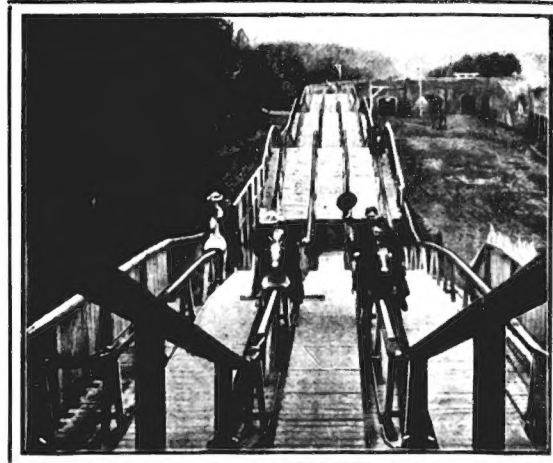
MR. JESSE COLLINGS, writing to the *Times* from Peshawur a short time since, gave a very interesting account of prison life at Ahmedabad. He says:—"I have read the statements of the pro-Boer Press as to the bad treatment of the Boer prisoners in India. Some days ago I saw in an Indian paper an extract from a pro-Boer publication, to the effect that the camp at Ahmedabad was in a fearful condition, and summing up the description of it as 'a hell upon earth.' This led me to visit the place in order that I might see for myself. Ahmedabad is a large and beautiful city, and is considered by the civil and military officials to be one of the best stations in the Bombay Presidency, if not in all India. Having obtained permission, I spent some time in looking over the encampment, which covers a large area enclosed only by a wire fencing, which could be quite easily got over. The sleeping arrangements are similar to those provided for the British soldiers, who are encamped some distance away. They are large, roomy, with abundant space to each man, and very suitable for a hot climate. There are just 1,000 prisoners, who have been here about six months. During that time one man died from enteric, and was buried with military honours. Besides this, there had been only one case of severe illness during the whole time. Ninety-two out of the thousand prisoners are under eighteen years of age. Most of these on my arrival I found playing cricket



A curious Whitsuntide custom is observed once in every twenty years at Corby, a village in North Hampshire. The inhabitants assemble to hear the old charter freeing them from market tolls, jury and militia service (granted by Queen Elizabeth and confirmed by Charles II.) read, and then toll is demanded from everyone entering or leaving the parish. Formerly non-payment of the toll meant the placing of such defaulters in the stocks, but now all visitors, as well as the Corby people, have to be chaired in turn round the pole and put into the stocks, a speedy release coming as soon as a coin is found. Our photograph is by F. Hutchen, Kettering

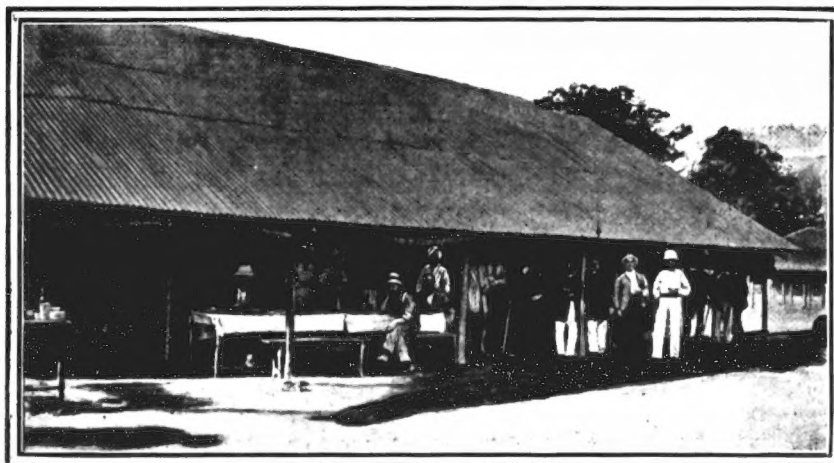
THE POLE FAIR AT CORBY

and other games in a recreation ground of several acres provided for the prisoners. I then visited the Boer officers' quarters, which, though similar to those of the men, are separate and apart. Like the men, I found that very many of the officers spoke English, some of them perfectly and without the least sign of a foreign accent. We had a long talk about the war, its origin, progress, &c. They were very outspoken, occasionally bitter, and believed in the 'barbarous' action of the British in the Transvaal. Turning from

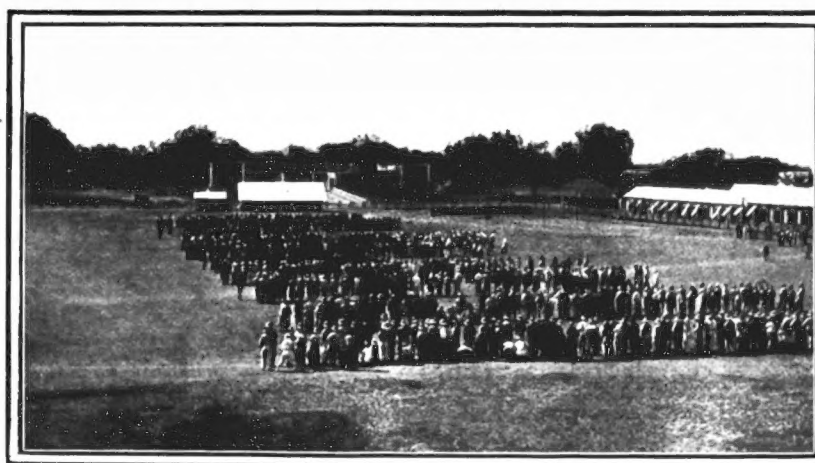


A CLOSE FINISH
THE LATEST THING IN SWITCHBACKS: THE NEW GRAVITY STEEPLE-
CHASE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

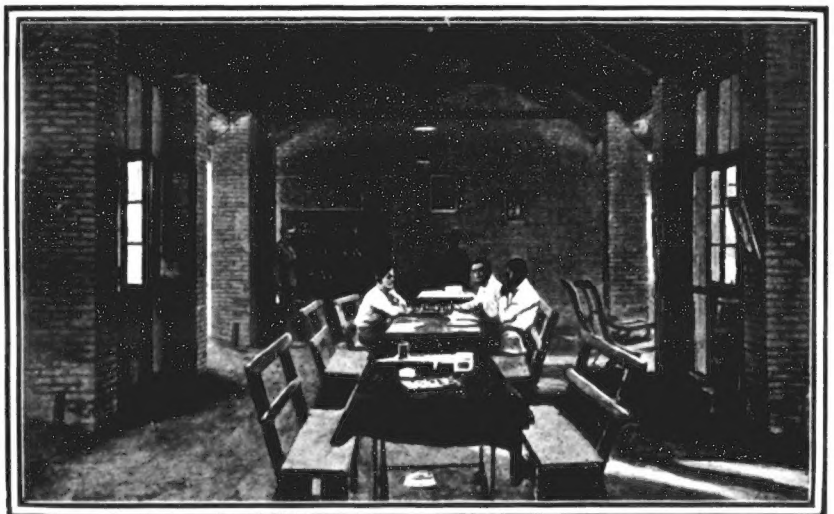
political subjects, I asked them about the treatment they were receiving. Their tone changed completely, and they said they were glad to have an opportunity of stating that their treatment was good in every respect. I condensed our conversation on this head in the following formula suggested by themselves:—"Speaking for ourselves and men we have nothing at all to complain of. As prisoners of war we could not be better treated, and Major Dickenson (this they wished specially to be inserted) is as kind and considerate as it is possible to be." We shook hands cordially, and I left this 'hell upon earth,' my visit (I had permission to examine into everything) being of a most interesting character. I found both officers and men acquainted with the pro-Boer action and utterances at home and on the Continent; stubbornly impressed with the belief that our country was tired of the war, and that if the Boers could continue the contest for some time longer a party would come into power who would, if not give them their independence, at least make favourable terms. I tried to combat these ideas, but of course 'belief is easy when the creed pleases,' and my words, I fear, had small effect. I came away sadly impressed with the conviction that the 'pro-Boer party' and the misguided, so-called 'Peace party' are mainly responsible for the continuance of the contest and for its attendant misery and bloodshed."



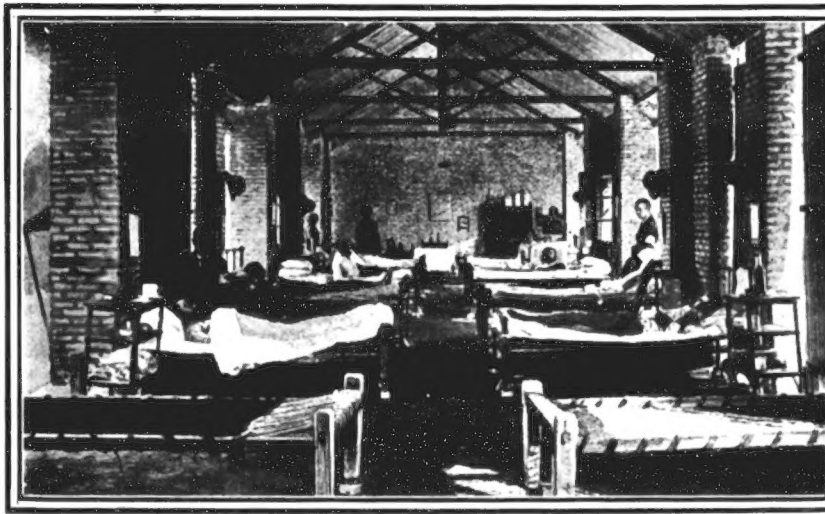
THE COFFEE SHOP



THE ROLL CALL: "FALL IN"



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THE BOER PRISONERS AT AHMEDABAD: A VISIT TO THE CAMP

From Photographs by W. H. Greaves



"The Czar came towards him. For a moment they faced each other. Then the freed son of the seef raised both hands and threw his missile on the stones between them—at the feet of the man who had cut the chain of his slavery."

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PAYMENT

It was on every gossip's tongue in St. Petersburg that Jeliaboff had been arrested.

"It is the beginning of the end," men said. "They will now catch the others. The new reign of terror is over."

But Jeliaboff himself—a dangerous man (one of the Terrorists), the chief of the plot to blow up the Imperial train at the Alexandroff station—said that it was not so. This also, the mere bravado of an arrested criminal, was bandied from mouth to mouth.

For two years the most extraordinary agitation of modern days had held Russian society within its grip. All the world seemed to whisper. Men walking in the streets turned to glance over their shoulders at the approach of a

step, at the sound of a sleigh bell. The women were in the secret, too; and when the women touch politics they are politics no longer. For there should be no real emotion in politics; only the simulated emotion of the platform.

For two years the Czar had been slowly and surely ostracised by a persecution which was as cruel as it was unreasoning.

In former days the curious, and the many who loved to look on Royalty, had studied his habits and hours to the end that they might gain a glimpse of him or perhaps a bow from the courteous Emperor. Now his habits and his daily life were watched for quite another purpose. If it was known that he would pass through a certain street, he was now allowed a monopoly of that thoroughfare. None passed nearer to the Winter Palace than he could help. If the Czar was seen to approach, men hurried in the opposite direction; women called their children to them. He was a leper among his own people.

"Do not go to the opera to-morrow," one lady would

say to another. "I have heard that the Czar is to be there."

"Do not pass through the Little Sadovaia," men said to one another; "the street is mined. Do not let your wife linger in the Newski Prospect; it is honeycombed by mines."

The Czar withdrew himself, as a man must who perceives that others shrink from him; as the leper who sees even the pitiful draw aside his cloak. But some ceremonies he would not relinquish; and to some duties he remained faithful, calmly facing the risk, which he fully recognised.

He went to the usual Sunday review on the 12th of March, as all the world knows. It was a brilliant winter morning. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon streets and houses buried still beneath their winter covering of snow. The houses always look too large for their inmates, the streets too wide for those that walk there. St. Petersburg was planned on too large a scale by the man who did everything largely, and made his window looking out

upon Europe a bigger window than the coldness of his home would allow.

The review passed off successfully. The Czar, men said, was in good spirits. He had that morning signed a decree which was now in the hands of Loris Melikoff, and would to-morrow be given to the world, proving even to the most sceptical for the hundredth time that he had at heart the advance of Russia—the greater liberty of his people.

Instead of returning direct to the Winter Palace, the Czar paid his usual visit to his cousin, the Grand Duchess Catherine. He quitted her palace at two o'clock in his own carriage, accompanied by half a dozen Cossacks. His officers followed in two sleighs. It was never known which way he would take. He himself gave the order to the coachman. He knew the streets as thoroughly as the driver himself; for he had always walked in them unattended, unheeded, and unknown—had always mixed with his subjects. This was no French monarch living in an earthly heaven above his people. He knew—always had known—what men said to each other in the streets.

He gave the order to go to the Winter Palace by way of the Catherine Canal, which was not the direct way. Had he passed down the Newski Prospect half of that great street would have been blown to the skies. The road running by the side of the Catherine Canal was in 1881 a quiet enough thoroughfare, with large houses staring blankly across the frozen canal. The canal itself was none too clean a sight, for the snow was old and soiled and strewn with refuse. In some places there were gardens between the road and the waterway, but most of its length was bounded by a low wall and a railing.

The road itself was almost deserted. The side streets of St. Petersburg are quieter than the smaller thoroughfares of any other city in the world. A confectioner's boy was alone on the pavement, hurrying along and whistling as he went on his Sunday errand of delivery. He hardly glanced at the carriage that sped past him. Perhaps he saw a man looking over the low wall at the approach of the cavalcade. Perhaps he saw the bomb thrown and heard the deafening report. Though none can say what he heard or saw at that minute, for he was dead the next.

The bomb had fallen under the carriage at the back. A Cossack and his horse, following the Imperial conveyance, were instantly killed. The Czar stepped out from amidst the debris on to the torn and riven snow. He stumbled, and took a proffered arm. They found blood on the cushions afterwards. At that moment the only thought in his mind seemed to be anger, and he glanced at the dying Cossack—at the dead baker-boy. The pavement and the road were strewn with wounded—some lying quite still, others attempting to lift themselves with numbed and charred limbs. It was very cold.

Ryssakoff, who had thrown the bomb, was already in the hands of his captors. Had the crowd been larger, had the official element been weaker, he would have been torn to pieces then and there. The Czar went towards him. Some say that he spoke to him. But no clear account of those few moments was ever obtained. The noise, the confusion, the terror of it seemed to have deadened the faculties of all who took part in this tragedy, and they could only act mechanically, as men who were walking in their sleep.

Already a crowd had collected. Every moment added to its numbers.

"Stand back! Stand back! A second bomb is coming!" cried more than one voice. There are a hundred witnesses ready to testify that they heard this strange warning. But no men seemed to heed it. There are moments in the lives of men when their contempt for death raises them at one bound to the heights of immortality.

Those around the Czar urged him to quit the spot at once. In such a crowd of people there must be some enemies. At last he turned, and went towards the sleigh which had been brought forward to take the place of the shattered carriage. He was pale now, and walked with an effort.

The onlookers stood aside to make a passage for him. Many raised their hats, and made silent manifestations of their respect and pity.

One man, alone, stood with folded arms, hat on head, and watched the Czar. He was on the pavement, with his back to the iron gate leading to the canal. The pavement was not six feet wide, and the Czar came along it towards him. For a moment they faced each other. Then the freed son of the serf raised both hands and threw his missile on the stones between them—at the feet of the man who had cut the chain of his slavery.

It was the Serf who shrieked. The Emperor uttered no plaint. A puff of white-grey smoke rose to Heaven. And those who watch there no doubt took note of it.

A shower of snow and human debris was thrown into the air. The very stones of the pavement were displaced.

The Emperor was on the ground against the railings. He was blind. One leg was gone, the other torn and mutilated to the hip. It was pitiful. He uttered no sound, but sought to move his bare limbs on the snow.

This was the end—the payment! He discharged his debt without a murmur. He had done the right—against the counsel of the wise, against his Crown and his own greatness, against his purse and his father's teaching. He had followed the dictates of his own conscience. He had done more than any other Czar, before or since, for the good of Russia. And this was the payment!

The other—the man who had thrown the bomb—was already dead. The terrific explosion had sent his soul hard after the puff of white smoke, and in the twinkling of an eye he stood at the Bar of the Great Assize. It is to be hoped that he made a good defence there, and did not stammer in the presence of his Judge.

The Czar's gentlemen in attendance were all killed or wounded. He was left to the care of his Cossack escort, who were doing what they could to succour him. Though, being soldiers, they knew that he had passed beyond all human aid. The crowd parted to make way for a tall man who literally threw aside all who stood in his path. It was the Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, brought hither by the sound of the first explosion. He knelt on the blood-stained snow and spoke to the dying man.

The sleigh towards which he had been walking was now brought forward again, and the Czar was lifted from the snow. There was no doctor near. The mob drew back in dumb horror. In the crowd stood Cartoner, brought hither by that instinct which had made him first among the Vultures—the instinct that took him to the battlefield, where he was called upon to share the horror and reap none of the glory.

His quiet eyes were ablaze for once with a sudden, helpless anger. He could not even give way to the first and universal impulse to kill the killer.

He stood motionless through the brief silence that succeeded to the second explosion. There is a silence that follows those great events brought about by a man which seems to call aloud for a word from God.

Then, because it was his duty to draw his buzzing thoughts together, to be watchful and quick, to think and act while others stood aghast, he took one last look at the dying Emperor, and turned to make his way from the crowd while yet he could. He had pieced together, with the slow accuracy that Deulin envied him, the small scraps of information obtained from one source or another in Warsaw, in London from Captain Cable, in St. Petersburg from half a dozen friends. This was Poland's opportunity. A sudden inspiration had led him to look for the centre of the evil, not in Warsaw, but in St. Petersburg. And that which other men called his luck had brought him within sound of the first explosion by the side of the Catherine Canal.

He passed through a back street and out into wider thoroughfares. He hurried as much as was prudent, and in a few moments was beyond the zone, as it were, of alarm and confusion. A sleigh came towards him. The driver was half asleep, and looked about him with a placid, stupid face. Here was a man who had heard nothing.

Cartoner called him, and did not wait for him to descend to unhook the heavy leather apron.

"The telegraph office," he said.

And when the driver had settled down to his usual breakneck speed, he urged him to go faster. The passers on the pavement were going about their ordinary business now, bent on paying Sunday calls or taking Sunday exercise. None knew yet what had taken place a few hundred yards away.

Cartoner sat with clenched teeth and thought. He had a strong grasp over his own emotions, but his limbs were shaking inside his thick furs. He made a supreme effort of memory. It was a moment in a lifetime, and he knew it. Which is not always the case, for great moments often appear great only when we look back at them.

He had not his code books with him. He dared not carry them in the streets of St. Petersburg, where arrest might meet him at any corner by mistake or on erroneous suspicion. His head was stored with a thousand things to be remembered. Could he trust his memory to find the right word, or the word that came nearest to the emergency of this moment? Could he telegraph that the Emperor was dead when he had last seen him living, but assuredly feeling his way across the last Frontier? The Czar must assuredly be dead before a telegram despatched now could reach England. It was a risk. But Cartoner was of a race of men who seem to combine with an infinite patience the readiness to take a heavy risk at a given moment.

The telegraph office was quiet. The clerks were dignified and sedate behind their caging—stiff and formal within their semi-military uniform. They knew nothing. As soon as the news reached them the inexorable wire windows would be shut down, and no unofficial telegrams could be despatched from Russia.

Cartoner had five minutes start, perhaps, in front of the whole world. Five minutes might suffice to flash his news beyond the reach of recall.

The sense of discipline was strong in him. His first message was to London—a single word from the storehouse of his infallible memory.

He sent a second telegram to Deulin, in Warsaw, which was no longer. The first message might reach its destination. The chances of the second were not so good, and the second might mean life or death to Wanda. He walked slowly back towards the double doors. He might even gain a minute there, he thought, by simulating clumsiness with the handle should anyone wish to enter in haste. He was at the outer door when a man hurried up the steps. This was a small man, with a pale and gentle face, and eyes in which a dull light seemed to smoulder.

Cartoner detained him on the step for quite half a minute by persistently turning the handle the wrong way. When at length he was allowed to enter, he swore at the Englishman as he passed in a low voice, which Captain Cable would have recognised had he heard it. The two men looked at each other in the twilight between the doors. Each knew that the other knew. Then the little man passed in. The front of his black coat had a white stain upon it, as if he had been holding a loaf of bread under his arm. Cartoner noticed it, and remembered it afterwards, when he learnt that the bombs which seem to have been sown broadcast in the streets of St. Petersburg that day were painted white.

He crossed the square to the Winter Palace, and stood with the silent crowd there until the bells told all Petersburg the news that the mightiest monarch had been called to stand before a greater than any earthly throne.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LOVE-LETTER

THE next morning Miss Netty Cahere took her usual walk in the Saski Gardens. It was much warmer at Warsaw than at St. Petersburg, and the snow had melted, except where it lay in grey heaps on either side of the garden walks. The trees were not budding yet, but the younger bark of the small branches was changing colour. The first hidden movements of spring were assuredly a-strir, and Netty felt kindly towards all mankind.

She wished at times that there were more people in Warsaw to be kind to. It is dull work being persistently amiable to one's elderly relatives; Netty sometimes longed for a little more excitement, especially, perhaps, for that particular form of excitement which leads one-half of the world to deck itself in bright colours in the spring for the greater pleasure of the other half.

She wished that Cartoner would come back; for he was an unsolved problem to her, and there had been very few unsolved male problems in her brief experience. She had usually found men very easy to understand, and the failure to achieve her simple purpose in this instance aroused, perhaps, an additional attention. She thought it was that, but she was not quite sure. She had not arrived at a clear definition in her own mind as to what she thought of Cartoner. She was quite sure, however, that he was different to other men.

She had not seen Kosmaroff again, and the memory of her strange interview with him had lost sharpness. But she was conscious of a conviction that he had merely to come again, and he would regain at once the place he had so suddenly and violently taken in her thoughts. She knew that he was in the background of her mind, as it were, and might come forward at any moment. She often walked down the Bednarska to the river, and displayed much interest in the breaking up of the ice.

As to Prince Martin Bukaty, she had definitely settled that he was nice. It is a pity that the word nice as applied to the character of a young man dimly suggests a want of interest. He was so open and frank, that there was really no mystery whatever about him. And Netty rather liked a mystery. Of course, it was most interesting that he should be a prince. Even Aunt Julie, that great teacher of Equality, closed her lips after speaking of the Bukatys, with an air of tasting something pleasant. It was a great pity that the Bukatys were so poor. Netty gave a little sigh when she thought of their poverty.

In the meantime, Martin was the only person at hand. She did not count Paul Deulin, who was quite old, of course, though interesting enough when he chose to be. Netty walked backwards and forwards down the broad walk in the middle of those gardens, which the Government have so frequently had to close against public manifestations, and wondered why Martin was so long in coming. For the chance meetings had gradually resolved themselves into something very much like an understanding, if not a distinct appointment. All people engaging in the game of love should be warned that it is a game which never stands still, but must move onwards or backwards. You may play it one day in jest, and find that it must be played in earnest next time. You may never take it up just where you left it; for the stake must always be either increasing or diminishing. And this is what makes it rather an interesting game. For you may never tell what it may grow to, and while it is in progress, none ever believe that it will have an end.

Netty liked Martin very much. Had he been a rich prince instead of a poor one, she would, no doubt, have liked him very much better. And it is a thousand pities that more young persons have not their affections in such practical and estimable control. Though, to be strictly just, it is young men who are guilty in this respect, much more than the maidens with whom they fall in love. It is rare, in fact, that a young girl is oblivious to the practical side of that which many mothers teach them to be the business of their lives. But then it is very rare that a girl is in love with the man she marries. Sometimes she thinks she is. Sometimes she does not even go so far as that.

Netty was, no doubt, engaged in these and other golden dreams of maidenhood as she walked in the Saski Gardens this March morning. The faces of those who passed her were tranquil enough. The news of yesterday's doings in St. Petersburg had not reached Warsaw, or, at all events, had not been given to the public yet. Even rumour is leaden-footed in this backward country.

Presently Netty sat down. Martin had never kept her waiting, and she felt angry and rather more anxious to see him perhaps, than she had even been before. The seats were, of course, deserted; for the air was cold. Down the whole length of the gardens there was only one other occupant of the polished stone benches; an old man, sitting huddled up in his shabby sheepskin coat. He seemed to be absorbed in thought, or in the dull realisation of his own misery, and took no note of the passers.

Netty hardly glanced at him. She was looking impatiently towards the Kotzebue gate, which was the nearest to the Bukaty Palace of all the entrances to the Saski Gardens. At length she saw Martin, not in the gardens, but in the Kotzebue Street itself. She recognised his hat and fair hair through the railings. He was walking with someone who might almost have been Kosmaroff, better dressed than usual. But they parted

hurriedly before she could make sure, and Martin came towards the gate of the gardens. He had evidently seen her and recognised her, but he did not come to her with his usual joyous hurry. He paused, and looked all ways before quitting the narrower path, and coming out into the open.

Netty was at the lower end of the central avenue, close to the old palace of the King of Saxony, where there is but little traffic; for the two principal thoroughfares are at the further corner of the gardens, near to the two market places and the Jewish quarter.

It thus happened that there was no one in Netty's immediate vicinity except the old man, huddled up in his ragged coat. Martin paused to satisfy himself that he was not followed, and then came towards her, but Netty could see that he did not intend to stop and speak. He did not even bow as he approached, but passing close by her he dropped a folded note at her feet, and walked on without looking round.

There were others passing now in either direction, but Netty seemed to know exactly how to act. She sat with her foot on the note until they had gone. Then she stooped and picked up the paper. The precautions were unnecessary, it seemed, for no one was even looking in her direction.

"I must not speak to you," Martin wrote "for there is danger in it—not to me, but to yourself. That of which you will not let me tell you is for to-night. Whatever you hear or see, do not leave your rooms at the Europe." "I have already provided for your safety. There is great news, but no one knows it yet. Whatever happens, I shall always be thinking of you, and no! I must not say that. But to-morrow I may be able to say it—who knows? I shall walk to the end of the garden and back again; but I must not even bow to you. If you go away before I pass again, leave something on the seat that I

may keep until I see you again—your glove or a flower, to be my talisman."

Netty smiled as she read the letter, and glanced at Martin down the length of the broad walk, with the tolerant softness still in her eyes. She rather liked his old-fashioned chivalry, which is certainly no longer current to-day, and would, perhaps, be out of place between two young persons united fondly by a common sport or a common taste in covert-coating.

Martin was at the far end of the gardens now, and in a minute would turn and come towards her again. She had not long in which to think and to make up her mind. She had, as Martin wrote, prevented him from telling her of those political matters in which he was engaged. But she knew that events were about to take place which might restore the fortunes of the Bukatys. Should these fortunes be restored she knew that the Prince would be the first man in Poland. He might even be a king. For the crown had gone by ballot in the days when Poland was a monarchy.

Netty had some violets pinned in the front of her jacket. She thoughtfully removed them, and sat looking straight in front of her—absorbed in maiden calculation. If Prince Bukaty should be first in Poland, Prince Martin must assuredly be second. She laid the violets on the stone seat. Martin had turned now, though he was still far away. She looked towards him, still thinking rapidly. He was a man of honour. She knew that. She had fully gauged the honour of more than one man; had found it astonishingly reliable. The honour of women was quite a different question. That which Prince Martin said in the day of adversity he would assuredly adhere to in other circumstances. "Besides—" And she smiled a thoughtful smile of conscious power as she bent her head to re-button her jacket and arrange her furs.

(To be continued)

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

NOT a bad idea is that of a schoolmistress who intends to teach women some of the ordinary practical facts of life. That women are, as a rule, helpless in small emergencies, will not be denied by any mistress of a house. The schoolmistress says women lack an interest for physics. I should rather call it a want of observation. The ordinary maidservant displays a crass ignorance about opening soda-water, pulling up a blind, lighting a lamp, filling bicycle tyres or lighting a fire. If there is an unscientific way of doing a thing, that is the way that appeals to them, and in any difficulty they can always call in a man, the despised man of the advanced female. Households where only maids are kept, find the services of a man required constantly.

In a higher sphere of life how many ladies can do the smallest carpentering or mending job, understand sanitary arrangements or the law of supply and demand, know the prices of household provisions, where to buy and how to buy, the treatment of infants, the feeding of children and animals, or even of such common matters as the folding of clothes and the doing up of umbrellas? A woman may cook well, but she never keeps her pots and pans as scrupulously clean and bright as a man does. She rarely polishes plate, or blacks and varnishes boots with the same perfection, and a slipshod, unbusiness-like style pervades all her actions, from tying knots to opening tins, from driving screws and pulling corks, to doing up parcels. No; in the ordinary practical matters of life, men far exceed women in handiness, thoroughness, ability, and sense.

King Edward's reign sees a wonderful departure in many things. Social life, perhaps, presents the most amazing variety. The old English home-life is practically non-existent. Even meals are partaken of in public, and the late supper parties, hurried by a cruel necessity to the promotion of indigestion, have raised what used to be considered a somewhat fast and scandalous proceeding into the ordinary routine of married folk. The week-end parties and the motor-drives, the race meetings, the river excursions, the yachting, and the athletic sports of women, make staying at home impossible to any but the old and the incapable, while the numbers of snippy papers render serious reading unnecessary. Whether the unrest caused by all this perpetual movement is the source of the prevalence of the nervous diseases from which most people suffer, becomes a moot question.

Every one nowadays has his or her personal taste which pervades the house, the garden, the clothes, and the amusements. Even men are allowed predilections which a century ago would have seemed unworthy the attention of a business man. Gardens are specially the province of women, but men also display their predilection for flowers. Mr. Chamberlain's orchids have long been famous. Sir Ernest Cassel, in his garden at Newmarket, allows only pink and white flowers to be grown, and discards all knick-knacks in the drawing-room. Men's taste, as a rule, trends towards severity; it is only women who load their tables with innumerable little objects as pretty as they are useless.

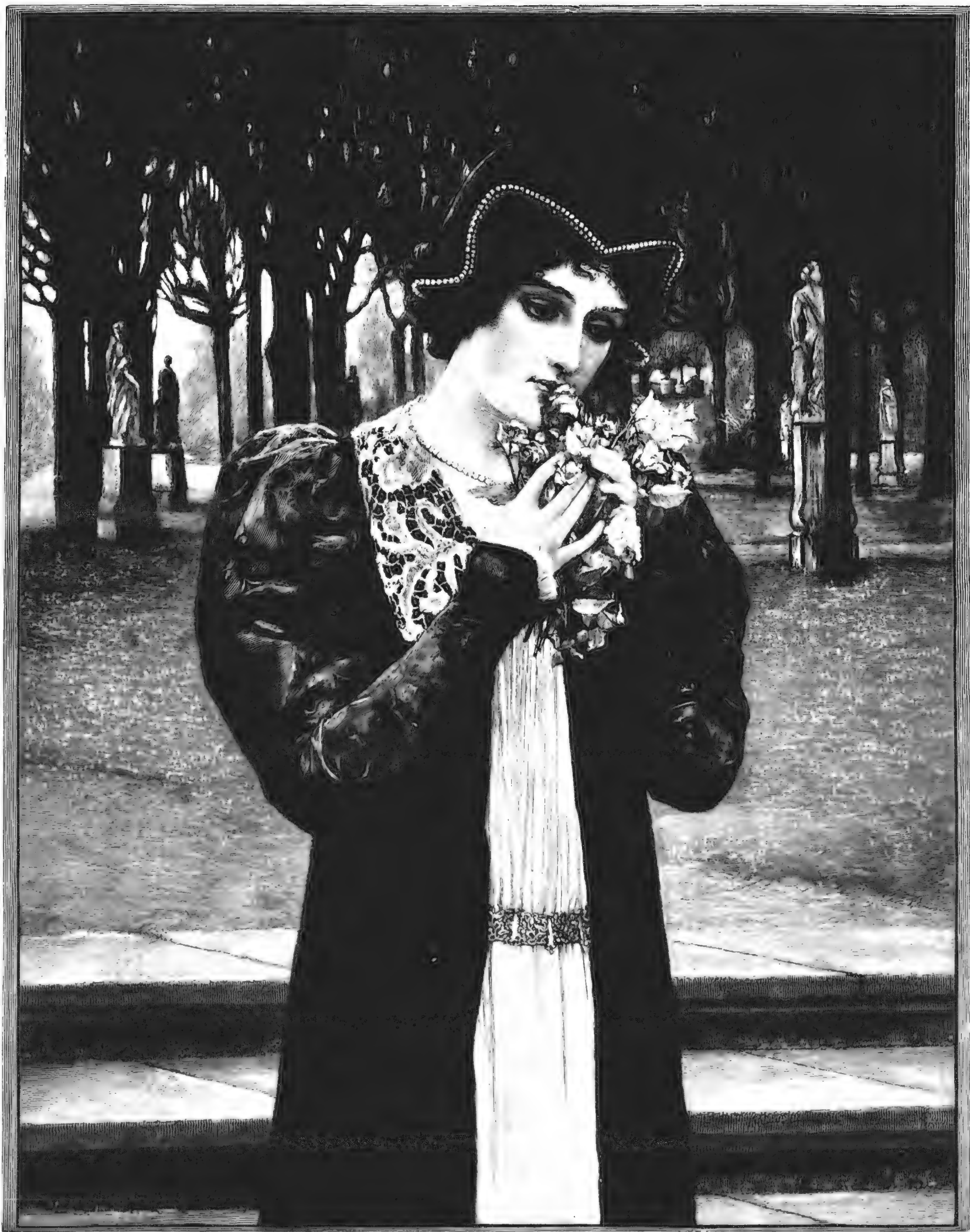
King Oscar of Sweden, who is coming for the Coronation, is a poet and a *littérateur*. He has been already once or twice in England, and passed some time in Scotland, the romantic scenery and associations of which exactly suited his temperament. He writes delightful long letters to his friends, and has a peculiarly charming and gallant manner with ladies. He is very tall and handsome, and looks every inch a king.

It seems almost superfluous to enforce the necessity of cultivating beauty in women, as Lady Colin Campbell does in the new *Magazine*, for the whole tendency of the day is towards dress—in season and out of season, for those who can and those who cannot afford it. Women in every class are more anxious about their appearance, and more reckless as to their expenses, than they ever were before. The maidservant spends every penny she earns on her clothes, vying in cheap imitations with the furs, laces, and ribbons of her employer. Girls in good society dress on the sums which formerly sufficed an extravagant married lady, while the money married women lavish is double or treble that required by the greatest *élégante* of fifty years ago. Why do women spend so much time, money, and trouble on the wrappings that cover their body? Beauty does not depend on clothes, it is only the plain who require artificial aids. Men neither know nor care how women are dressed so long as their appearance is pleasing, and women themselves are always ready to carp at their sisters. It must therefore be a mistaken conviction on the part of women that to look well is a duty, and that the more she spends the better she looks, whereas in reality it is the charm, the winning manner, the syren-like fascinations which carried Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, and other famous women to the pinnacle of fame and success, and handed their undying reputation down to posterity.



1. SPRING DRESS OF GREY VOILE over lace showing through as insertion. Large guipure collar, fastened by black ribbon velvet embroidered in gold. The velvet also forms cuffs to the puffed sleeves.
2. DRESS OF SOFT PASTY MATERIAL. The skirt is trimmed with crossway bands of taffetas, and the bodice is ornamented with embroidery on white cloth. Embroidered muslin vest, and sleeves trimmed with taffetas and finished with a lace puff. Taffetas sash.

WALKING TOILETTES



"A MESSAGE OF LOVE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

A correspondent writes:—"The wives and daughters of the Boers who are left on the farms make use of the medical man in a most friendly manner. I was seated the other day

by my ambulance wagon, waiting to start with ten mules and my boys in divers garments | | by my ambulance wagon, waiting to start with ten mules and my boys in divers garments | |

wanted a tooth out, so I seated her on a box and hooked it out. During the operation her sister, a pretty girl, carried on a wild flirtation with my ragged orderly.

DENTISTRY ON THE VELDT: A BOER WOMAN SEEKING BRITISH ASSISTANCE

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT



On arriving off Kronstadt, President Loubet reviewed the Russian Squadron, and then went on board the "Alexandra," where he was received by the Tsar. After the usual presentations had been made the "Alexandra" proceeded to Peterhof, which was reached at noon. M. Loubet landed first in company with the

Tsar, and was met on the landing-stage by the Grand Dukes and a number of Russian State dignitaries, with all of whom the President shook hands. Our illustration is from a photograph by Leon Boucet.

PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO THE TSAR: LANDING AT PETERHOF

Coronation Items

The week after next will open the series of Coronation festivities. The first item is the visit to Aldershot, on June 14, for the review, their Majesties staying at the Royal Pavilion from Saturday to Monday. Then they go to Windsor for Ascot week, where the Castle will be the scene of gaieties unknown since the early years of the Victorian reign. On the Tuesday and Thursday the King and Queen, with a host of guests, attend the races in full State, while the Castle entertainments include a banquet in St. George's Hall and a ball in the Waterloo Chamber, for which 500 invitations have been issued. On the Saturday the King and Queen visit Eton, witnessing a parade of the College Volunteers and a procession of boats, and thence come up to Buckingham Palace for the Coronation week. The big garden-party at Windsor has been fixed for Tuesday, July 1st, instead of the preceding day, and the King and Queen will then make their State entry into Windsor, driving from Slough through the decorated borough, and being received officially by the Mayor and chief residents.

chairs of State. Behind them will be a buffet with a magnificent display of City plate. There will be plenty of music in the air on June 26 and 27, for the London bells are to peal out simultaneously when the crown is placed on the Sovereign's head in the Abbey. Next day the bells of each church will ring as the King passes, the big peals being "fired" or rung all at once, and there being sixty "fires"—matching the Sovereign's age. Already 500 bonfires are arranged in different parts of the Kingdom for Coronation Night, Warwickshire, Somerset and Yorkshire heading the list in point of numbers. Guests from distant parts of the Empire are already arriving, a notable visitor being King Lewanika, paramount chief of the Barotse Kingdom, South Africa. King Edward sent Lewanika a special message of welcome, and will shortly receive him. The Barotse King is a fine, tall man, very black and intelligent looking. He made himself most agreeable during the passage, which was decidedly rough, and His Majesty admired the ship, but "did not like the moving." In fact, he was very ill. He is now staying in Dorsetshire until the Coronation with Colonel Harding, late Acting Administrator of Barotseland, which has been under British protection since 1897. Lewanika is about fifty years old, and has ruled Barotseland for twenty-five years, his family having reigned there for centuries past. His heir, Litia, is a Christian, and has only one wife. He speaks a little English.

is a thoroughly good piece of portraiture and of character, and Mr. Peacock's "Mr. Holman Hunt" is a document on which posterity must keep a jealous national-portrait-gallery eye. Mr. Cope is as honest and straightforward as ever in several studies of people whom he has honoured with his art, and he has the distinction of having introduced one of the very few vast equestrian portraits which have been seen on these walls within recent years. The horse is painted by that clever expert, Mr. John Charlton—who, by the way, contributes also a great picture of the procession at Queen Victoria's last Jubilee at the bottom of St. James's Street—a sad, but hardly a muffled, echo. There are many more portraits we may fairly allow to detain us; but at least we should recognise in "Two of Us," a very clever picture by a very clever lady, Miss Isabel White, whose work has only struck us once before. And, furthermore, we must accord such praise as we should to Mr. Sholto Douglas—another coming man—who has painted seven young ladies, all sisters of much the same age (a septet, apparently), in a large canvas, with consummate ease and skill.

Landscape is always a pleasing section. Mr. David Murray—mellowed since his younger days, when he was more courageous and truculently Scotch in design—is now perfectly genial in his extremely able and beautifully composed pictures, representing for the most part Bolton Abbey and its surroundings.



DRAWN BY P. DE HANSEN

The Tsar and M. Loubet, with the Tsaritsa and the Empress Dowager journeyed to Tsarskoe Selo to attend the grand review. The town was decked with flags, and the distinguished party was loudly cheered by the inhabitants. On arriving on the review ground the Tsar mounted his horse, while M. Loubet, the two Emperors, and the Grand Duchess Sergius entered a carriage, and the whole party

passed along the front of the troops. After the review the two Emperors and President Loubet witnessed the march past of the troops from a stand, below which the Emperor sat on horseback, surrounded by the Grand Dukes.

M. LOUBET'S VISIT TO THE TSAR: AT THE GRAND REVIEW AT TSARSKOE SELO

The details of the Coronation Procession on June 27 are fairly settled by now. Roughly speaking, the Procession will be nearly two miles long. On the Coronation Day itself, some 500,000 persons will get a good view, but on the second day the numbers will be greatly increased, although, as they will be spread over a far longer route, possibly the crush will not be so great. The annexe to Westminster Abbey is a most ingenious structure, the towers now added bringing it into keeping with the Abbey. There will be no seats inside the annexe, as all the room will be required for marshalling the procession. The City will have two occasions for welcoming their Majesties, for the Mayor and civic authorities will meet them at the City boundary on the day of the Coronation procession and perform the traditional ceremonies, the Lord Mayor on horseback then preceding the King to the Mansion House, where the City address will be presented. When the King and Queen again visit the City on July 3, the procession will only consist of four carriages drawn by four horses, and the Royal carriage will stop at St. Paul's on the very spot where Queen Victoria remained during the Diamond Jubilee Thanksgiving Service. On reaching the Guildhall later, their Majesties will find the whole of the yard converted into a huge pavilion filled with spectators. In the Guildhall itself a dais is to be erected at the east end for the Royal table, where the King and Queen will sit in raised

The Royal Academy

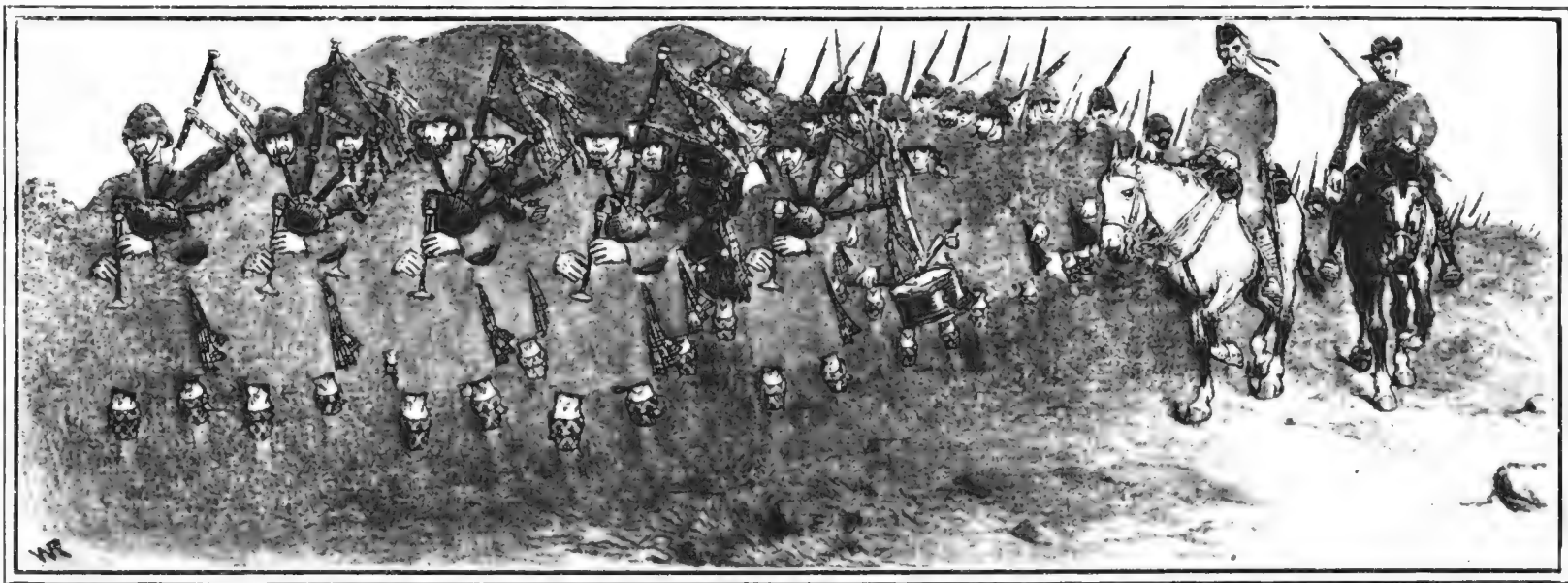
SECOND ARTICLE

A SECOND visit to the Academy reveals the fact that there are more pictures of interest than seemed to be the case when, on the first inspection, the eye was struck by the most notable works. Portraiture, landscape, subject, animal-painting; you divide them thus roughly. There are works in each class which you would be glad to accept and decorate your rooms withal. Water-colour, black-and-white, and miniatures you will probably ignore; most visitors do. And you would overlook, likely enough, the sculpture, too—except that we insist on your giving attention to what is one of the most interesting and refreshing of all the sections. Let us pick out from the walls some of the best works that strike us—and we shall have "done the Academy" like good citizens.

There will be many who will fall captive to the charms of Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Mrs. W. K. D'Arcy"—a harmony in pink and soft red, arranged with a Venetian opulence; a picture of decorative and sober richness rather than of mere portraiture. But we find more actuality in the remarkably successful "Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers"—"Mr." trying to light his pipe in a high wind, with the courteous help of "Mrs." uplifted cape. It is a capitally rendered bit of life, excellent in technique. "Miss Nellie Stettin" is

Different as they are in their personality, there is a clear bond uniting Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Arnesby Brown, and it must be admitted that all three give us a wonderfully pleasant sensation of the hot rays of the sun and the vibration of the atmosphere. Their pictures are redolent of the soil, and we are miles away from Piccadilly as we look at them, with the song of the lark, the scent of the cattle, and the labour of the fields. Poor old Sidney Cooper, that valiant Nestor, makes us wonder at his pictures, but the triumph is necessarily less artistic than physiological; even Mr. Jones, the Leeds "Constable of painting," gives us more natural nature, if with vastly less technique.

We turn to figure-painting and scarce know where to linger. Mr. Solomon gives us practically the only nude in his subtly modelled and dazzlingly rendered "Psyche." But except Mr. Tuke's capital picture of boys bathing (or are they not young Greek gods?—they have the profiles of them)—there is no other noteworthy example, except, perhaps, Mr. Draper's siren, foolishly enamoured of a ship's figurehead. In the realm of fancy, we have the charming "Take, O take those lips away," in which we are made to feel the true spirit of the age represented; Mr. Frank Dicksee's large "Belle Dame sans Merci"—a more truly belle dame, than the Knight appears a *beau chevalier*, yet a scholarly composition notwithstanding; Mr. Boughton's graceful picture of "A Fallen Angel" and, more dainty



THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE ON THE MARCH: A KHAKE EFFECT ON THE VELDT

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

still, "A Tanagren Pastoral;" and Mrs. Young Hunter's rather Pre-Raphaelite "Seekers: Where shall wisdom be found." We will not follow the painter into her philosophical symbolism, but content ourselves with recognising her sound painting and growing talent. Not far off we catch sight of Mr. Melton Fisher's "Madonna." This picture and "The Mirror" reflect his chief characteristics. How graceful he is! How easily does he surpass nearly every other English painter of the day in the tenderness with which he presents the female form and personality—her pretty airs, her dress, herself. Every woman is to him a lady, and we don't believe—we can't believe—that he could show any woman otherwise than as a lady.

We are brought back to the world that is by the sight of Mr. Wollen's South African incident picture, "The Victoria Cross," and by Miss Kemp-Welch's similar, "The Morning," both clever and touching. The gruesome plague picture by Mr. John Collier

suggests contagion—we will not stop to discuss it; but "A Confession" by the red firelight is a convincing bit of drama of modern life. The admirable bits of sixteenth century comedy by Mr. Seymour Lucas are of extraordinarily good craftsmanship; these little pictures won't be forgotten. Mr. Woods is more free and satisfactory than ever in "A Venetian Water-Seller." Mr. Talbot Hughes once more reveals his supple brush and excellently restrained taste in a charming little picture of a Puritan mother and child, called "Motherhood," and Mr. Cowper, who shows a picture of Hamlet in the "gen room" seems to prepare us for a striking future.

The marines contributed by Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Olsson attract us as we pass, and we are detained by the lions of Mr. Swin, the horses of Miss Kemp-Welch and Mr. Arthur Lenon, the cats and kittens of Madame Ronner, and the whole menagerie of Mr.

Briton Riviere (who has never given us better character in snarling and blazing-eyed beasts). But we break away to enter the sculpture gallery.

Here there may not be much, but there is something to delight us. The "Boy and Beasts" of Mr. Swan is really a fine thing; Mr. Colton's "Crown of Love," now in marble, is well known, but his little group of children, called "The Springtide of Life," is altogether charming. Mr. Brock's marble statue of "Mr. Gladstone" is an honour to the sculptor, and the late Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Hay and Thomas, Mr. Frampton, and Mr. Reynolds Stephens make up the chief strength of the exhibition. But will not this sparse harvest have some effect or bearing on the Society of Sculptors, which is said to be in course of crystallisation? We shall see, meanwhile *à l'année prochaine, Messieurs les Académiciens!*



The peasantry, young men and women, in Old Lombardy, on all the Sundays in the month of May dress themselves up in their finest clothes and adorn themselves with flowers. They carry in procession the traditional sticks used for spinning thread, singing and dancing as they go through the streets.

A CURIOUS MAY CUSTOM OBSERVED IN OLD LOMBARDY

DRAWN BY PROF. RICCARDO PELLEGRINI



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

LADY OF THE CHAMBER TO THE ARCHDUCHESS ISABELLA

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS IN THE HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG



Kissingen is beautifully situated in the open valley of the Saale in Bavaria, at an elevation of about 600 feet above sea level. It has three famous medicinal springs. The early morning is the time that the majority of people take the waters and the scene before breakfast at the

THE SEASON AT KISSINGEN: THE EARLY MORNING PROMENADE

DRAWN BY ST. RECHIAN



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

When it became necessary to evacuate Dewetsdorp, Colonel Kelham, who was commanding the Highland Light Infantry, received orders to retire to Aliwal North, through Basutoland. This was the first time that British Regular troops had ever entered Basuto-

land. The natives were delighted, and the Chief Mojela came down with an escort of twenty warriors to take the column through. He himself was dressed in a well-fitting blue serge suit and straw hat, but his escort were superb fellows, all in full war paint with full

peacocks brass em of the H

HERO WORSHIP BY FRIENDLY NATIVES: THE MARCH ON THE



FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. M. AMI

re delighted, and the Chief Mojela came down with an escort of the column through. He himself was dressed in a well-fitting uniform, but his escort were superb fellows, all in full war paint with

peacocks' tails on their heads and many beautiful Basuto ponies. They carried rifles and brass embossed knobkerries. The people showed the greatest enthusiasm. When the pipers of the H.L.I. struck up the quick step, three native girls carrying white wands in their hands, fell

in, hand in hand, in front of the pipers, and thus they marched with the column for miles. In the middle of the pipe, whenever the music stopped. There was an extraordinary spectacle to see the campagnon with their troops and their out of the common savages

DLY NATIVES: THE MARCH OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY THROUGH BASUTOLAND

The Bystander

"Stand by," CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY L. ASHBY-STERRY

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Glimpses of Queen Victoria's Coronation

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PORTRAIT OF THE KING IN 1803
FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER

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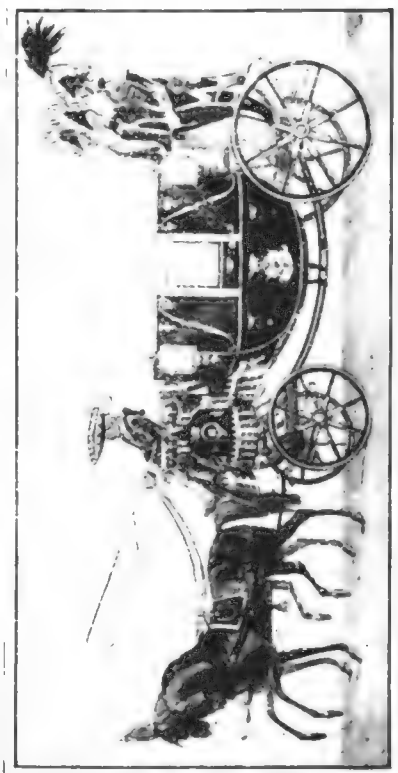
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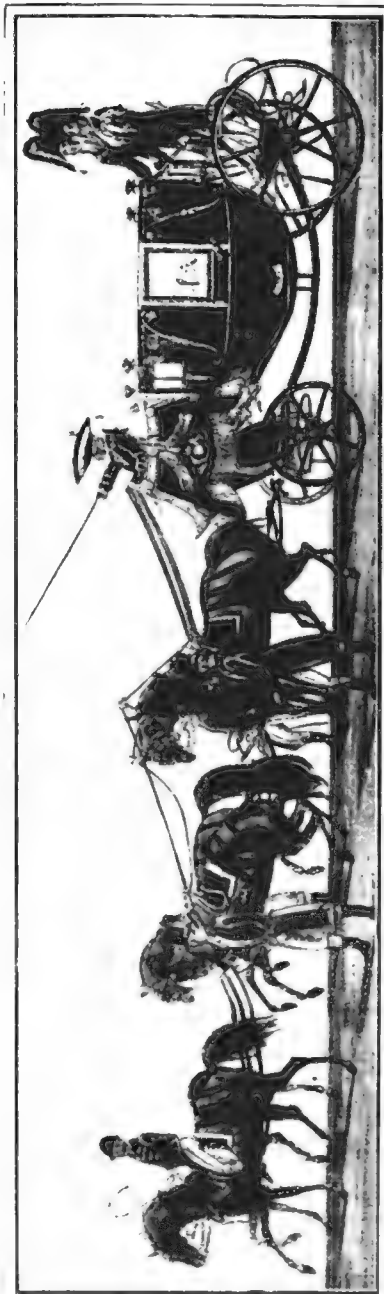
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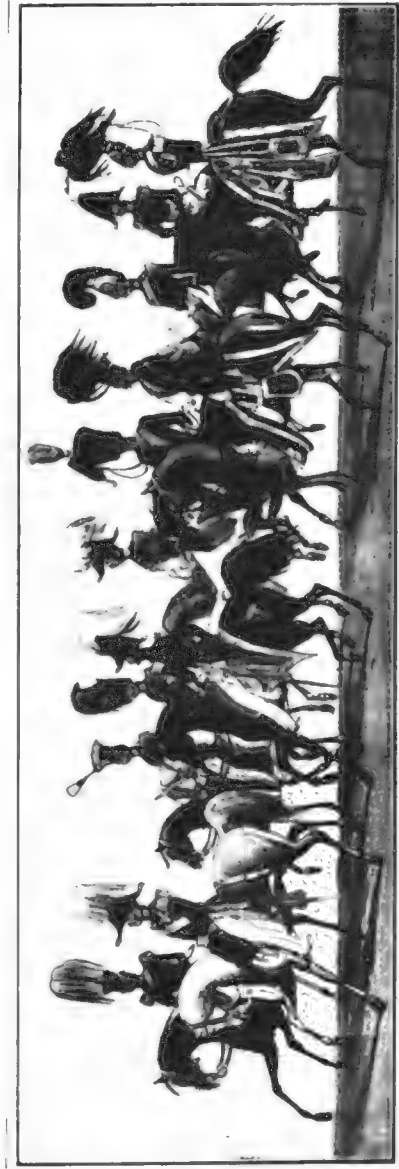




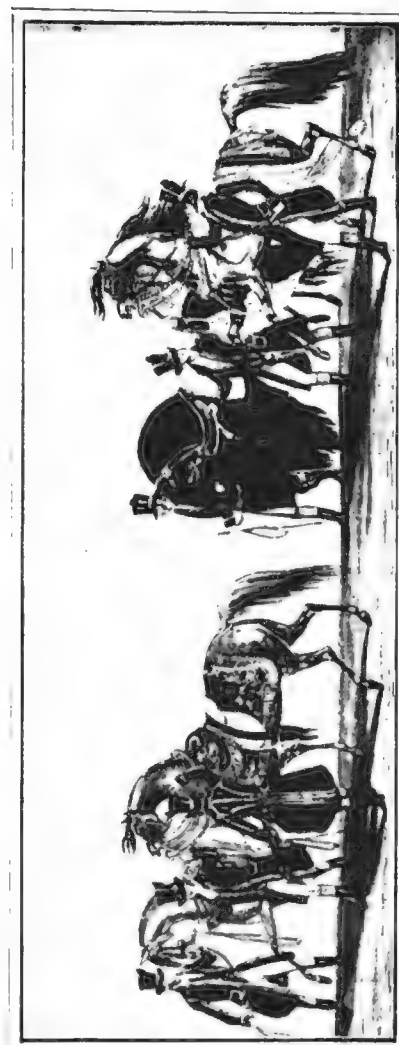
THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S CARRIAGE



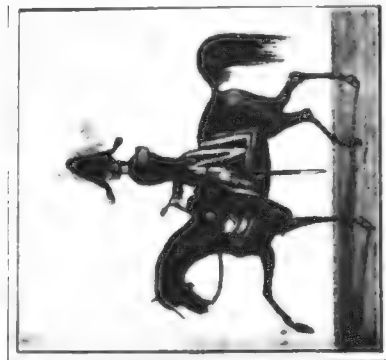
SIXTH CARRIAGE, CONTAINING MAIDS OF HONOUR, VICE-CHAMBERLAIN AND KEEPER OF PURSE



THE MILITARY STAFF



SOME OF THE HORSES



THE CLERK OF THE CHAPEL



HER MAJESTY'S STATE CARRIAGE

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION: GLIMPSES AT THE PROCESSION FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

LORD PAUNCEFOTE, who died at Washington on Saturday, was the first British Ambassador to the United States. When he was appointed, in 1889, to succeed Lord Sackville Great Britain was represented in America by a Minister, but in 1893 the importance of the mission was recognised, and the Ministers from this country and from the United States were promoted to be Ambassadors. It is difficult to account for the delay which occurred in making the change, as it must have been obvious for many years previously that America was equally entitled to receive or to despatch an Embassy as are the Great European Powers. It is even more difficult to find an explanation for the conduct of the United States, which permitted Europe to treat the nation as a second-rate Power.

When Sir Julian Pauncefote—as he then was—was transferred from the Foreign Office to the Diplomatic Service, and appointed British Minister at Washington, nearly every member of the Service predicted disaster. At the Foreign Office he had the reputation of being a "worthy," hardworking, amiable man, who had been exceptionally fortunate in becoming an Under-Secretary of State. That he was to replace Lord Sackville, a trained and very able Diplomatist, who had been the victim of an election intrigue, made the situation more difficult, and it was prophesied that Sir Julian would be unable to deal with the ingenious politicians who had little respect for Foreign representatives.

It is a matter of history that he has been the most successful representative this country has ever had at Washington. An eminently dignified man, his personality impressed the Americans. In his private life and in his public duties he never aimed at brilliancy, but always unruffled, always careful, and always amiable, he won the esteem and affection of all who came in contact with him. The late Lord Pauncefote arrived at his post at a time when much bitterness existed, the result of the "Sackville incident," and throughout his stay at Washington the gravest questions succeeded each other in rapid succession. So prudent and judicious was he in their treatment that Lord Salisbury used every argument to persuade him not to retire until he had completed the management of those he had in hand. It is an open secret that for some years Lord Pauncefote had wished to return to England, and enjoy the rest which he had earned.

The Late M. Benjamin-Constant

EVEN now, while the walls of the Grafton Gallery are hung with a score of his most characteristic portraits, and the rooms are thronged daily by a fashionable crowd, M. Benjamin-Constant has succumbed to the illness by which he was seized about six months ago. He had been to Scotland, and there found himself in the grip of influenza. Although he refused to recognise the gravity of his case, and although he wrote cheerfully and bravely about a speedy recovery, in which we none believed, never for a moment had he a chance of winning the battle which he was fighting for his life. Only a few days ago he wrote to me that he was getting visibly stronger, and he pathetically charged me to take no risk of the illness "*c'est si précieuse, la santé*." He heard of the success which attended his present exhibition, visited by the great crowd of friends and admirers whom he was so proud to possess in England, and he died, as it were, at the height of his fame.



THE LATE M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT
Photo by Bouque, Paris

I had known him for many years—twenty or more—when he had his studio in that curious hive known as the Villa des Arts, at Clichy, then in the more sumptuous abode in the Rue Pigalle, and finally in the splendid residence in the Rue Ampère. In the early days he had a second great studio in the Boulevard de Clichy, where his best painting, "*Justinien*," was going forward. He was a boy in spirits and heartiness, simplicity and good nature, and as a boy indeed, he remained to the end. In those days he was painting his great Oriental pictures of love and luxury, blood and violence, subjects that enabled him to exercise his marvellous power with the richest of gorgeous colour, so that his enemies (every strong man in art has his enemies) denounced him as theatrical; but it was some of these Oriental pictures, especially those on a smaller scale, which show his mastery in the greatest perfection, and by these, perhaps, rather than by his portraits, will he best be remembered by posterity. I never missed seeing him when I went to Paris, and once when he had a collection of his pictures round him, I could not help asking which of all his pictures



LORD SEPTEMBER 13, 1828
DIED MAY 24, 1902
THE LATE LORD PAUNCEFOTE
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Finner Street

he liked the best. He turned his kind, shrewd glance upon me as he answered, "*The next, always the next.*"

Yet, some of his portraits contain some of his finest work, not as a rule his portraits of women, clever, opulent, and taking as they frequently are, but his portraits of men of character. It was not with any of his great works that he won the Medal of Honour at the Salon, for which he had been striving for so many years, but with one beautiful portrait, "*Mon fils André*," as admirable a portrait as any modern master, painting with a father's hand, has ever executed, that work which now belongs to the French nation. At the present moment, if you would see his finer work in this line, look at "*M. le baron Sapiro*," at the Grafton Gallery, among the portraits of men, and "*Madame Delasalle*," amongst those of women. These are better than most of the pictures he executed here, when he was trying, in a measure, to paint, as he called it, "in the English taste." But he knew what was good, and when he wrote in article in the *Magazine of Art* to declare that Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone was "the finest portrait painted in the world in recent times," he did so, he declared, in order that posterity might say "It is true; and Benjamin-Constant was the first to proclaim it."

He had been to America on a painting tour, but England he loved beyond any country save his own, and hither he always sent his pupils rather than to Italy in order to finish their artistic education.

There was something of the footlights about his semi-state portraits, as in his portrait of Queen Victoria, and, in spite of its *intimité*, about that of Queen Alexandra now at the Grafton Gallery.

His anecdotes of his Royal sitters were delightful, and how Queen Victoria challenged the blue with which he had painted the ribbon of the Order of the Garter was told with extraordinary verve and humour—how she insisted that she was right, and, after complimenting him upon his work, sent him by a gentleman of the Court an envelope sealed with the Royal arms, which, when he opened it, revealed a little piece of blue. As he said, he slapped his leg as he cried "I've got the Garter," and burst out laughing when he found it was only a little sample she had cut from her own ribbon and sent him as a pattern.

He was intolerant only of what he called the "anarchical" art of to-day, and false impressionism, which, when it deals with problems of light, he called "scientific" and "oculist's" art. He was extremely generous to his pupils, one of whom, Mlle. Delasalle, is to hold an exhibition in London next month, to justify the excellence of his teaching.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

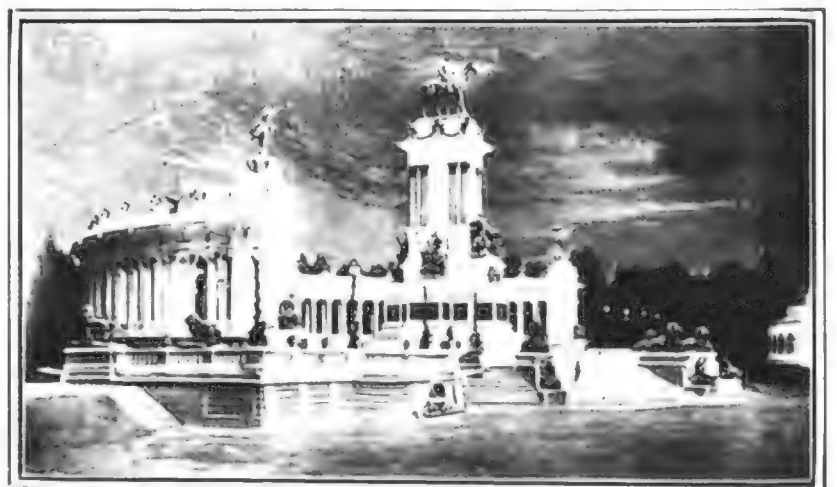
THERE is spring weather in Paris at last, and it certainly came none too soon. The prolongation of winter, which, for the past six weeks, has taken the place of the usual May weather, was so persistent that the Parisians were actually getting nervous. The catastrophe in Martinique was looked upon as a contributory factor, and it may be that the tremendous upheaval in that part of the world affected the atmospheric conditions all over the world. In any case, people were getting so despairing about the weather that I believe that if the Butte Montmartre had suddenly developed volcanic tendencies, they would have regarded the phenomenon with indifference.

The result of the continuous cold had, of course, been to render the Bois de Boulogne as deserted as a cemetery. When, then, the change took place last Sunday, there was a simultaneous rush to that part of the city. The underground railway, the omnibuses, and cabs were simply taken by assault. I do not think I ever saw such a crowd in the Bois. Carriages, automobiles and cycles were pouring along in one solid stream. There was not a vacant seat at the Chinois, the Cascades, the Armenonville, or any of the other cafés in the Bois, and the Lakes were covered with boats in every direction. When the thirty thousand people at Longchamps races began to pour back Pariswards through the Bois the scene was one such as I have seldom witnessed.

The unfortunate M. François Coppée is just finding out how difficult it is for a poet to plunge into politics and yet maintain his ideals. When he and his brother Academician, M. Jules Lemaitre, founded the *Ligue de la Patrie Française*, M. Coppée thought that all he had to do was to make patriotic speeches, and ask everybody to live up to them. After doing a skilful dance on eggs, and so arranging the precious *Ligue*, that it included Royalists and Imperialists, while still masquerading as a Republican organisation, it must have come as a severe shock to M. Coppée when he discovered that his friends found that he was too Clerical for them and, once the battle was over, had no further need of him. Of course, when they enter the Chamber, the newly elected Nationalists intend to continue the farce of posing as Republicans, and M. Coppée has, therefore, become a source of embarrassment, and has been promptly thrown overboard. The poet will probably now retire into his study and meditate on the vanity of human affairs in general and French politics in particular.

The latest League in Paris is one formed in Society circles for the revival of the custom of kissing ladies' hands. Of late years the Anglo-Saxon handshake had become the custom, and the prevailing Anglomaniac led people to exaggerate it and indulge in a sort of jump-handle process that was the reverse of graceful. This has produced a reaction, and now we are going to be very *salon-rouge*, and revive the usages of the Court of the Grand Monarque. Hence the "*Ligue de Baise-Main*," whose adherents promise to replace the prevailing handshake by gracefully kissing the taper fingers of their fair friends and acquaintances.

The terrible disaster at Martinique has robbed the return of the President of the Republic from Russia of much of its outward *éclat*. The order suppressing all decorations and illuminations was, of course, only decent and fitting, but it did much to spoil M. Loubet's home-coming. A French President coming from Russia is received like a general who has won a glorious victory, and of course to such a reception flags and illuminations naturally belong. However, the enthusiasm was there, for M. Loubet has returned with immense prestige, as he has been the guest of two monarchs. Now that he has become a frequenter of Courts we may be sure that the Kaiser will not rest until he has him safely lodged in the Royal Castle in Berlin and till he himself has ridden down the boulevards on a prancing charger.



The first stone of this monument was laid last week by King Alfonso XIII. and the Queen Regent in the Retiro Park in Madrid

MEMORIAL TO ALPHONSO XII. TO BE ERECTED AT MADRID

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THE House of Lords still tarries in recess. Not till Monday next will it bend its back to the labouring oar. The Commons resumed their task on Monday, and have spent a quiet week, chiefly in Committee of Supply. The attendance has not been large, but some of those present have unselfishly endeavoured to make up for the absence of others by prolonging their own speeches. This was notably the case in debate on the Education Bill, when Dr. MacNamara, Mr. Vovall, and Mr. Ernest Gray, getting on early, each took his full hour. Rather a liberal allowance when it is remembered an afternoon sitting gives only five hours for the making of speeches, and there are six hundred and seventy gentlemen who have equal right to speak.

The direct object of these stupendous efforts was that unoffending personage, the Vice-President of the Council. As Sir John Gorst plaintively remarked, he fills at the Education Board the function assigned in olden Courts to the whipping-boy. Whenever offence is given by any action of the Department, the Vice-President is hailed forth and soundly trounced. Sir John is, however, capable of taking care not only of himself and the Department he represents, but of "my noble friend, the Duke of Devonshire." One of the

ablest debaters in the House, it is not safe for any to assume in him the passivity of the whipping boy.

On another day the President of the Local Government Board had his turn. When Mr. Hanbury was nominated for that important post it was pleasantly said the selection was due to the fact that agriculture was almost the only thing of which he knew nothing. He has made the most of his opportunities, and on Tuesday displayed imposing knowledge of the breed of horses, the intricacies of swine fever and the mystery of margarine. Debate arose upon a proposal to reduce his salary, and in the course of it threats of additional motions of the same kind were made. His speech achieved the triumph of getting the vote through without a division.

One of the topics discussed was the quarantine regulations affecting dogs landing at English ports on returning from Continental visits. Colonel Mark Lockwood brought the matter forward with a touch of personal interest that moved everyone but the stony-hearted Minister. In the course of his reply on this head Mr. Hanbury mentioned the gratifying fact that, with the exception of Carmarthenshire and a district in the precincts of Plymouth, rabies being absolutely extinct, the muzzling order is abrogated. Mr. Walter Long, his predecessor at the Local Government Board, was not present to hear this striking tribute to the success of his policy. For nearly two years Mr. Long was the target of shafts of abuse aimed by dog-owners all over the country. To old ladies with

lapdogs, whose dear nozzles were affronted by the unbecoming muzzle, his name was anathema. Bending his head to the storm he pluckily held on, and had the satisfaction of delivering the country from a terrible plague.

Apart from ordinary work, exceeding it in keenness of interest, has been the waiting for news from Pretoria. It was expected that, on the first day of the re-assembling of the House, Mr. Balfour would find himself in a position to make a communication announcing the issue of the Peace Conference. He had then no story to tell, and disappointment followed on successive afternoons. One announcement quietly made on Monday set expectation agog. Before adjourning for the holidays it was arranged that on Tuesday in this week the Budget Bill should be taken in hand and run through Committee. The House on re-assembling learned that the order of business was entirely re-cast, the Budget being indefinitely postponed.

This could mean only one thing. When the Budget was brought in with its new corn tax, its extra penny on the income tax, and its device for doubling the stamp duty on cheques, the Chancellor of the Exchequer explained that his estimates were based on the assumption that the war would last through the full course of the financial year. On that understanding the House passed the resolutions on which the Budget Bill was based. Now the whole aspect of things has changed. Peace is practically assured. Any day we may hear its formal proclamation.

It is evident that in such altered circumstances the amount to be raised by additional taxation will not be needed. Members straightway jumped to the conclusion that a remodelling of the Budget is in process, and that the corn tax on which the Bury electors refused to set their seal will be abandoned. Others believe that "the first to go" will be the additional penny on the income tax. Some are sanguine enough to look for abrogation of both taxes. Meanwhile the House is fain to rest its soul in patience pending the final issue of the Peace negotiations.

Music

THE STATE PERFORMANCE AT THE COVENT GARDEN

THE State performance at Covent Garden is now officially "commanded" for Monday, June 30, at 9 p.m., and in one sense at any rate it will be quite unique. For the price of stalls has been fixed at twenty guineas each, and even at this formidable figure it is pretty certain that there will be comparatively few tickets open for sale to the general public. As a matter of fact, the Court will take nearly half of the dress seats for the Coronation visitors, who include representatives from practically every State in the world, as well as our Colonial, Indian, and other guests. Then there are the subscribers and other notabilities to think of; so that, although the performance will certainly not be for any but rich men, there is not much doubt but that the seats will rise to a premium. The subscribers (no one else has the remotest chance) private boxes on the stall and grand tiers are fixed at the by no means modest price of 100 guineas for the night. The top boxes, on a level with the amphitheatre, are forty guineas, and the third tier boxes are sixty guineas each; while dress circle seats are to be sold at the formidable figure of fifteen guineas, although from these places (except at any rate from the extreme corner seats) no view of the Royal party can be had. Amphitheatre seats will be four guineas, and the gentlemen in the gallery, who will see very little more than the stage, will be expected to pay 10s. a head. At these prices it is estimated that the house will hold nearly 20,000, and it need hardly be said that no single performance at any theatre in any country in the globe has ever drawn so much money.

One of the most brilliant audiences of the season assembled at the Opera on Saturday, for the "second debut" of the new tenor, Signor Caruso, and the first appearance this season as Mimi in *La Bohème* of Madame Melba. It was a pleasure to notice how beautifully these two pure and silvery voices blended, although in the more dramatic situations, Signor Caruso let his voice go, his ringing high notes being particularly effective. His song at the end of the first act was encored, and later on he had eight recalls before the audience would understand that another air could not be repeated. There can be no doubt that in this gentleman the opera management have found that *rara avis*, a true tenor voice, almost without blemish. Certainly no Italian tenor of the past quarter of a century has been in any sense his equal. Also he has intelligence and a good sense of Bohemian fun. Afterwards, Madame Melba gave a delicious rendering of the mad scene from *Lucia*.

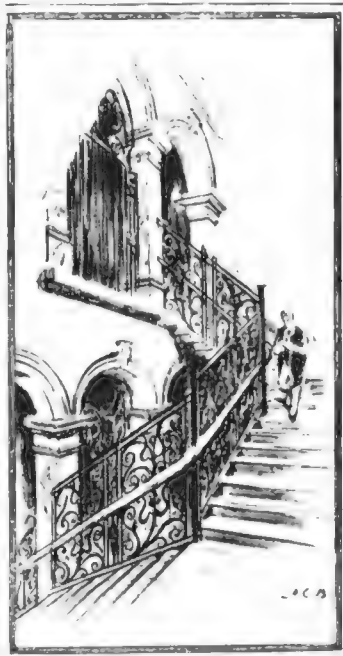
The Wagner additions to the repertory during the week have been *Tristan*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Meistersinger*. From an artistic and an acting point of view M. Van Dyck's *Tristan* is as fine as ever. Madame Nordica was an excellent Isolde, and Herr van Rooy was a very fine Kurwenal.

The Westminster City Hall

WESTMINSTER being the chief of the new boroughs, the city hall which has just been erected, and which was opened on Thursday by the Duke of Cambridge, will probably be a model for the style of design for similar buildings which will be erected in other local municipalities. Mr. John Murray, F.R.I.B.A., the architect, has taken into consideration the requirements and limits of such a work and has provided a simple classic building in the Palladian style standing at the corner of Charing Cross Road and St. Martin's Lane. The chief feature is the Council Chamber, a dignified room panelled in oak, with a plaster coved ceiling and top light. The space above the panelling, with a lunette over the dais, is left to be filled in some future time with decorative painting. Some very interesting historical subjects could, no doubt, be suggested. The staircase has Skeyros marble columns, alabaster caps and arches, and a wrought-iron balustrade. An interesting feature of this new municipality will be that it has the old mace and loving cup that formerly belonged to the Ancient Court of Burgesses now dissolved. The building was carried out by Messrs. Patman and Fotheringham, Limited, and the furnishing by Messrs. Maple and Co.



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER



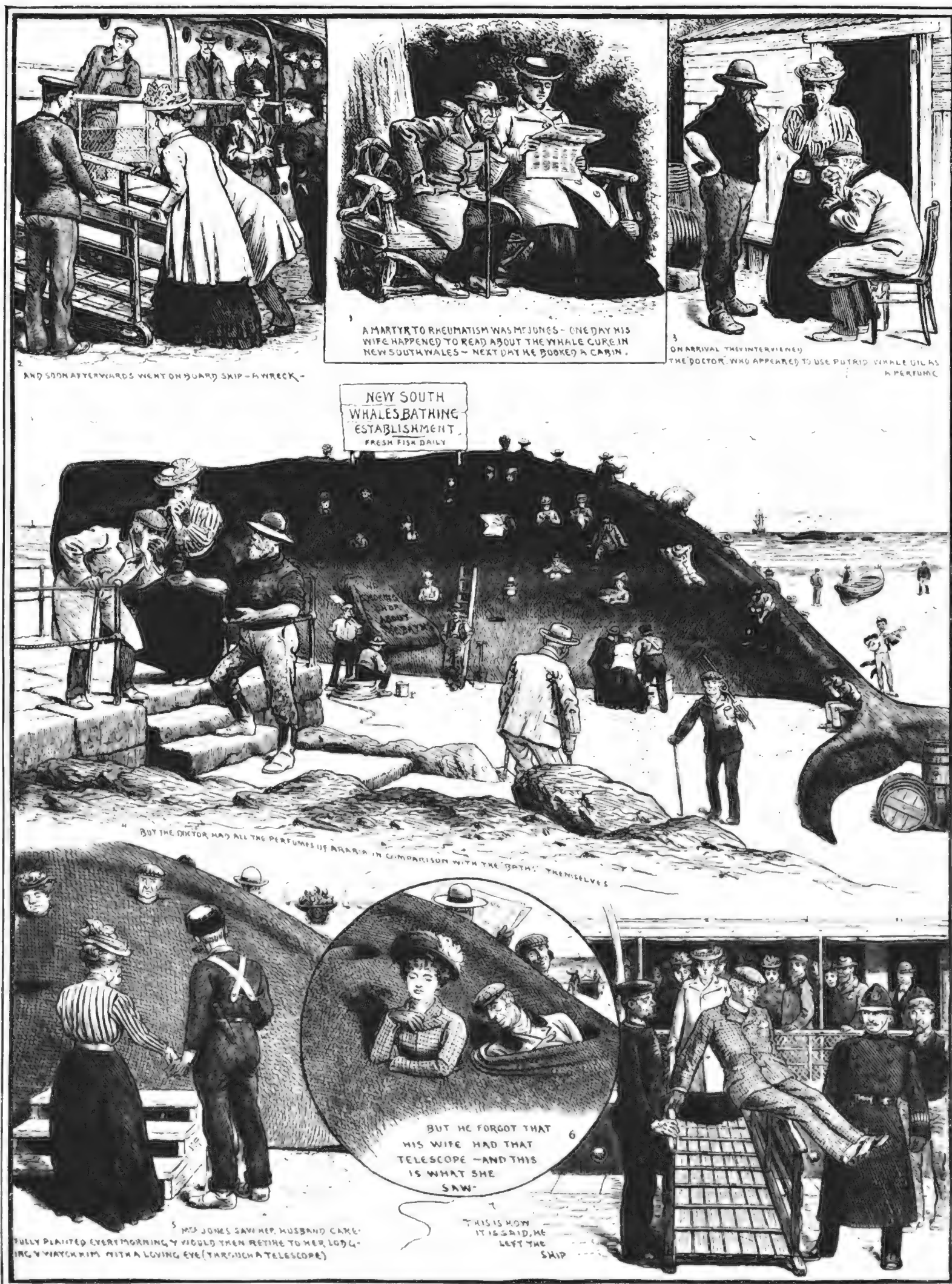
THE STAIRCASE



VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR

THE NEW TOWN HALL FOR THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER

DRAWN BY H. C. BEWKE



The whalemens in Australia or New Zealand assert positively that cases of chronic rheumatism have been perfectly cured by the treatment herewith briefly described by a correspondent in a contemporary:—"When a whale is killed and towed ashore (it does not matter whether it is a right, humpback, finback, or sperm whale) and while the interior of the carcass still retains a little warmth a hole is cut through one side of the body sufficiently large to admit the patient, the lower part of whose body from the feet to the loins should sink in the whale's intestines, leaving the head, of course, outside the aperture. The latter is closed up as closely as possible, otherwise the patient would not be able to breathe through the volume of ammoniacal gases which would escape from every opening left uncovered. It is these gases, which are of an overpowering and atrocious odour, that

bring about the cure, so the whalemens say. Sometimes the patient cannot stand this horrid infliction more than an hour, and has to be lifted out in a fainting condition, to undergo a second, third or perhaps fourth course on that or the following day. Twenty or thirty hours, it is said, will effect a radical cure in the most severe cases, provided there is no malformation or distortion of the joints, and even in such cases the treatment causes very great relief. One man who was put in up to his neck in the carcass of a small humpback stood it for sixteen hours, being taken out at two-hour intervals. He went off declaring himself to be cured. A year later he had a return of the complaint and underwent the treatment a second time.

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Owing to the limited accommodation the applications have far exceeded the vacancies. The Committee therefore urgently appeal for funds to enable them to provide the additional space which is required, and to extend to a greater number the benefits of the Home.

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The Andrew Carnegie Gold Medal

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, it will be remembered, last year founded a research scholarship to be presented by the Iron and Steel Institute. The appointment to a scholarship is for one year, but the Council may at their discretion renew the scholarship for a further period instead of proceeding to a new election. The results



of the research are communicated to the Iron and Steel Institute in the form of a paper to be submitted to the Annual General Meeting of members, and if the Council consider the paper to be of sufficient merit, the Andrew Carnegie Gold Medal is awarded to its author. This year it has been won by Dr. J. A. Mathews, of New York. The medal was designed by Mr. G. W. de Saulles.

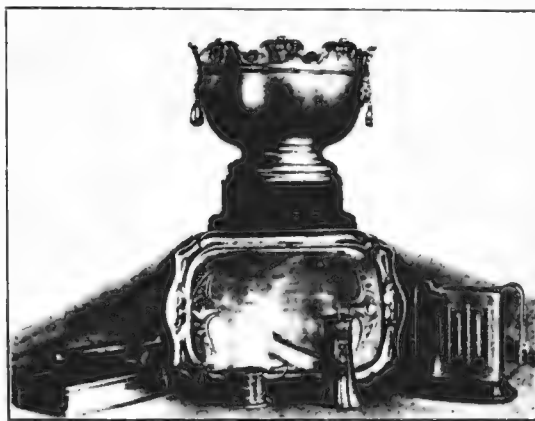


The Manchester Cup

THE Manchester Cup was won by Mr. A. M. Singer's Rambling Katie, which started at 100 to 8 against. The favourite, Bistonian, was not placed. Mr. Vyner's colt Syneros was second, and Mr. A. Stedall's First Principal third. The handsome cup which we illustrate was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co.

Our Supplements

OF our two supplements this week, the one is an engraving of Mr. Seymour Lucas's well-known Academy picture of last year and shows a gay Spaniard playing a lively dance to an audience we can imagine but not see. The word Galliard has two meanings, the old interpre-



CUP AND OTHER PRIZES PRESENTED BY THE EARL DE LA WARR AND CUP (IN THE FORM OF A BATTERY CHAMBER) PRESENTED BY MR. HENRY EDMUNDS



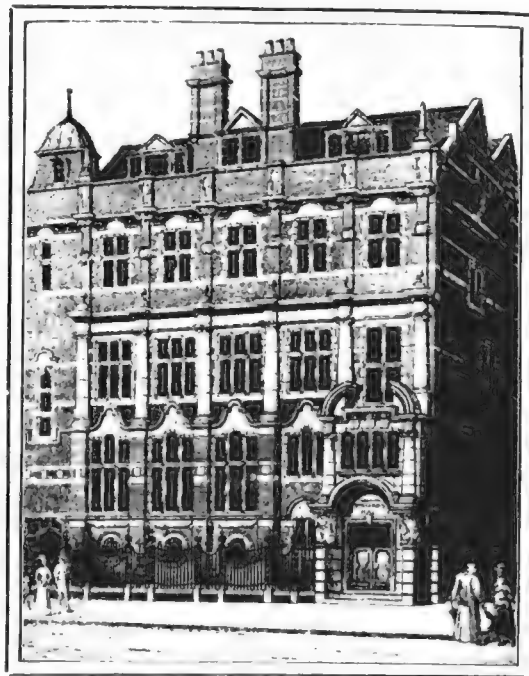
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These prizes were given for the races and trials held at Bexhill. They were all designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street. The De la Warr Cup was won by Mr. J. S. Overton; the Edmunds Cup by Mr. E. W. Hart; the "Car" Cup by Mr. Jarrott, and the House of Commons Cup by Mr. Edge.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB PRIZES



The building, which was to be opened by Lord Roschery last Thursday, belongs to the London School of Economics and Political Science. It is the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards and was erected from plans by Mr. Maurice B. Adams, F.R.I.B.A.

THE PASSMORE EDWARDS HALL, CLARE MARKET

tation meaning a gay dog, whereas now one only uses it in the sense of a dance. One famous instance of its use will occur to everyone, namely, in Sir Walter Scott's "Lochinvar." Did not the young gallant come to dance at the wedding of his fair Ellen and crave to lead but one measure with her before relinquishing her to his rival?

"So stately his form and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace."

The second supplement is a reproduction of one of the famous examples of Rubens in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg. The Archduchess Isabella, one of whose ladies of the chamber Rubens has here painted, not merely esteemed him as a painter, but thought enough of his opinion on politics to consult him when endeavouring to arrange a truce between Spain and the Netherlands, and again, later, in 1628, engaged him in important private negotiations with a view to bringing about a peace between Spain and England. This resulted in a visit to Madrid during which time the artist painted eight of his finest pictures.

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THE LATE CAPTAIN L. T. SAUNDERS
Died of wounds at Standerton



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. T. BLACKWOOD
Died of wounds received at Moolman's Spruit



THE LATE LIEUT. J. COLIN CAMPBELL
Killed in a railway accident near Pretoria



THE LATE MAJOR EALES
Died of gastritis in South Africa



THE LATE LIEUTENANT E. B. CUNNINGHAM
Died of enteric fever

Other Portraits

CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT TRIHERNE SAUNDERS, of the Mounted Infantry Company of the Rifle Brigade, died from wounds at Standerton. Captain Saunders joined the Army in 1895. Two years later he became a lieutenant, and in October, 1897, he was gazetted captain. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Captain Alexander Thomas Blackwood, of the 1st Staffordshire Mounted Infantry, was mortally wounded at Olivier's Farm, Moolman's Spruit, near Ficksburg. He entered the South Staffordshire Regiment in January, 1892, and received his step in July, 1894. He was promoted to the rank of captain in June, 1900. Our portrait is by S. Boesinger, Wellington.

Lieutenant James Colin Campbell, Cape Garrison Artillery, was killed in the accident to No. 15 armoured train near Pretoria on the 5th inst. He was the elder son of Colonel A. Campbell, late R.A., and grandson of Sir James Campbell, Bart., of Abercrombie and Kilbride. Our portrait is by Fargher and Co., Wynberg.

Major Lionel George Nuttall Eales, 2nd Battalion the Buffs, died at Lorenzo Marques, on board the transport *Proa*, from acute gastritis. He was thirty-eight years of age and joined the Army August 23, 1884, becoming captain April 26, 1893, and major May 4, 1901. He served with the Manipur Expedition in 1891 as signalling officer. He held the appointment of adjutant of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of his regiment at Dover, November 18, 1897, to May, 1901. He was the only son of the late Colonel G. D. Eales and nephew of the late Mr. Charles Eales, J.P., of Easton, Starcross, Devon. Our portrait is by J. R. Browning, Exeter.

Lieutenant E. Balfour Cunningham, of the Intelligence Scouts, Intelligence Officer, Edenburg, Orange River Colony, who died at

Springfontein, of enteric fever, was a member of the Cape Civil Service. He volunteered for active service at the beginning of the war. Joining Brabant's Horse, he was present at the early fights in the eastern part of the Colony. He then transferred to Nesbitt's Horse and was attached as a scout to the 14th Brigade under General Tucker during Lord Roberts's advance to Pretoria, and took part in the various engagements therewith. He was one of the first men into Johannesburg Fort. He afterwards took part in the chase of De Wet through the Orange River Colony. He was then transferred to the Intelligence Scouts. Winning his commission by merit, he was appointed Intelligence Officer at Edenburg, Orange River Colony. He was the eldest son of Mr. J. B. Cunningham, of Uitenhage, Cape Colony. Our portrait is by A. Green, Port Elizabeth.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—"The Advertiser's Ready Reckoner and Year Book for 1902" (24, Coleman Street, E.C.) contains full lists of newspapers, with their charges for advertisements.—"Cricket Form at a Glance" (Archibald Constable and Co.) compiled by Hume Gordon, treats the game as played in first-class matches exhaustively. It shows the batting and bowling of every cricketer who has played in any two seasons between 1878 and 1902, with every run scored for or against the Australians in England, the eleven they met, the results of their matches and those of all county matches. Lord Hawke has contributed an interesting preface to the book, in which he says that the volume is "a book every cricket lover must have in his library and every schoolboy in his play-box." We can only add that the praise is thoroughly deserved. Another book likely to prove useful, though in a different way, to young cricketers is "How to Bat" (A. Treherne and Co.), by E. M. Amphlett. The introduction to the book shows how necessary such advice as it contains really is. A new edition of that excellent manual, "B. Bradshaw's Bathing Places and Climatic Health Resorts" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.), is just published.

Charity and the Coronation

THERE are many persons who, while willing to pay a good price for a seat to view the Coronation procession, will be glad to know that in doing so they are benefiting a deserving charity, and all such should go to one or other of the hospitals on the route where stands are being erected, the profits from the sale of seats being devoted in each case to the support of the hospital concerned. One of the finest positions for viewing the Coronation procession is undoubtedly Westminster Hospital, which stands directly opposite the Royal entrance to the pavilion through which the King will enter Westminster Abbey. Covered stands will be erected in front of the hospital, the prices for the seats being from six to twenty guineas. At St. George's Hospital, owing to the wards on the east front being closed for electric light installation and repairs, a large number of persons can be accommodated without in any way interfering with the work of the hospital. The view commands the long sweep up Constitution Hill and the curve round the Wellington Statue into Piccadilly, and, of course, the procession will pass here on both days. The prices of seats run from two guineas upwards. The sum realised will be a much needed addition to the funds of the hospital, which has been compelled to encroach upon its capital to the amount of 90,000l. in the last ten years. An excellent view of the procession on the second day will be obtained from the Royal Eye Hospital, looking across St. George's Circus up the Borough Road, along which the Royal Progress will come. The seats range in price from two to ten guineas. The hospital can be easily reached from Victoria, Waterloo, Charing Cross, or St. Paul's Stations without crossing the line of route.

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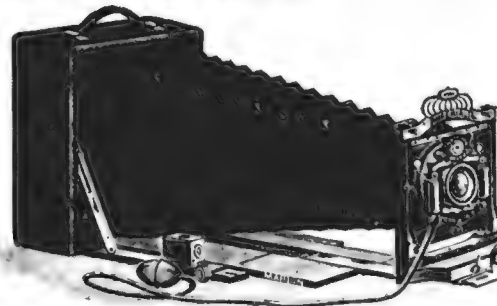
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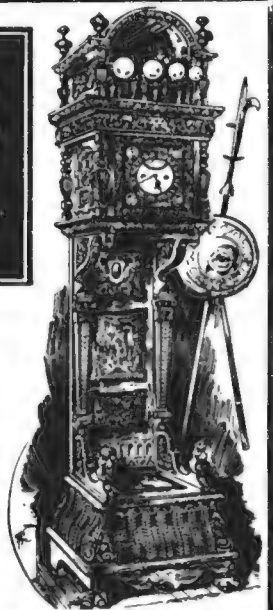
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THE OLD LIBRARY ENDOWED BY MR. GLADSTONE

accommodation. The new St. Deiniol's is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. Inside it boasts finely carved oak fittings. The interior is divided into two large halls, called "Divinity" and "Humanity," with rooms for studying and apartments for the Warlens. At present the library is arranged on the shelves of the old St. Deiniol's, which was instituted and endowed by the late Mr. Gladstone. Our illustrations are from photographs by E. J. Gornall, Dordlestone, Chester

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Our Bookshelf

"THE WORLD'S HISTORY"

THE fourth volume of this monumental, we might say colossal, work has now been published. It will be remembered that the first dealt with the development of the human race, with pre-historic times and with the history of America, and the historical importance of the Pacific Ocean. Volumes two and three have not yet, we believe, seen the light. That now before us treats of the Mediterranean nations, and will prove, we should imagine, one of the most interesting volumes of the series, for does it not tell of the very beginning of the world's history, or rather the history of mankind, as far, that is, as we Eastern people know? Germany's greatest historians and geographers write exhaustively of the part played by the various nations in the creation of what they call "The Mediterranean Spirit," and of the histories of the early peoples—the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians and the Romans. The rise and spread of Christianity is fully discussed, together with the doctrinal controversies and schisms which it brought about. It would take many columns of our journal if we were to attempt in any way to criticise the contents of these volumes; besides, these chapters, the result of deep

"The World's History." Edited by Dr. Helmolt. (Heinemann.)

research and thought, of clear reasoning, and careful revision, appear so correct in all their detail that they almost defy criticism. But it is not only of the Ancients that the volume treats, for, in the eighth chapter, we have a complete history of the Pyrenean Peninsula, beginning with pre-historic times, and the earliest known events of Spanish history, and concluding with the "Age of the Bourbons." Greece and Rome, their wars, their arts, and their rise and fall, are also dilated upon with considerable detail. It is curious to note that movement of nations from the East to the West began almost as early as did history. "If we consider as a whole," says Edward Count Wilczek, the writer of the first chapter of the volume, "the movement of the nations, continuing from the middle of the fourth to the eighth century and beyond, we notice before everything else a predominant line of advance from East to West on both sides of the Mediterranean. In the North the movement begins earlier and penetrates deeper; in the South it is a deliberate course of action." If the remaining volumes are equal in merit to those we have seen, the work as a whole will be one of unprecedented value; a work which no well-equipped library can afford to be without. It can be read with interest by the general reader, with advantage by the student, whilst to both it will serve as an excellent work of reference. The illustrations, many of them well-printed in colours, are also of peculiar interest, the majority being reproductions of ancient MSS., and of bas-reliefs.

"CHINA AND THE POWERS"

Mr. Thomson has, in this work, attempted and succeeded in giving a perfectly unbiased account of the Chinese Question, having tried, as he says in his preface, to present the Chinese view of the different matters in dispute equally with that of the Powers; it being impossible, he adds, not to feel that the responsibility for the terrible tragedy of last year does not by any means rest wholly with China. The Boxer outbreak, which, he says, was essentially a national uprising, he attributes to "an endeavour to obtain freedom from a foreign interference which to the bulk of the people has always been utterly hateful." Another cause of irritation was the building of railways; the most cherished belief of the Chinese—the worship of ancestors—being shocked by the disturbance of their tombs which the construction of the lines entailed. "Added to these causes of irritation," says Mr. Thomson, "was an ever-present anger against the missionaries for their denunciation of ancestor worship, and more particularly against the Roman Catholics for using their political influence on behalf of their converts in all kinds of litigation and personal disputes." The author has not attempted any account of the Siege of Peking, but describes fully the investment and bombardment of the foreign settlement at Tientsin and the capture of the Tientsin native city. Mr. Thomson says that the Chinese

"China and the Powers." By H. C. Thomson. (Longmans.)

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are the same strange, odd people now that they were in 1860, when they complained that the Allies began operations so early that they could not get any sleep. So now they lost their chance by stopping fire at mid-day for a couple of hours for dinner, and again at night almost invariably from ten to four. Still when they were working the guns those in the settlements had a warm time of it—as one of the Chinese servants said, there was altogether “too much bang” to be pleasant.

Mr. Thomson's work has been carefully thought out and written, and is worthy of close study and consideration by all who are interested in the future of China, for it is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to a question of which a Chinese of high position, when asked after the late war if he thought the trouble was over, replied: “Why, I think this has only been a big preface.”

THE NEW VOLUMES OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

The first of the new volumes of the supplement to the Ninth Edition of this monumental work has been quickly followed by a second, prefaced with a thoughtful essay by Mr. Edward Dacey, in which he surveys recent political progress, an essay, gloomy in tone, but profoundly interesting to all students of European history. The articles in this new volume are again excellent in themselves, owing to the care with which the editors have selected their contributors; and if one had to be “marooned” one could only hope that a set of the Ninth Edition supplement might

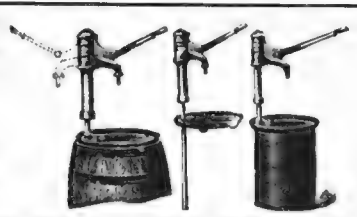
be washed ashore to while away wet afternoons. Dr. Sayce writes on “Babylonia and Assyria”; Professor Marshall Ward on “Bacteriology”; Major Baden-Powell on “Military Balloons”; Sir Harry Johnston on “Barotse”; Mr. Frederick Greenwood has a brilliant article on Lord Beaconsfield; Mr. W. M. Rossetti deals with Ford Madox Brown, and Mr. Leslie Stephen writes of Carlyle, to mention only a few out of a host of distinguished names which appear in the index. Some of the more modern articles catch one's eye first in turning over the pages. For example, an excellently illustrated paper on Book-plates bears witness to one of the latest collecting manias, while an article on Book Printing testifies to the good work done by the late William Morris by giving in reduced facsimile a page from the Kelmscott Chaucer. Three pages devoted to Bridge show the importance of a modern craze, while a lengthy essay on Bridge-building is exhaustive and admirable, though, like many of the papers, incomprehensible to the majority: yet while the Encyclopædia is primarily written by experts for students, and therein lies its great value, all who run may read and enjoy such admirable chapters as the one on Beaconsfield above referred to and the equally admirable Carlyle. Under “Caricature” we find specimens of the work of all the modern humorists from Sir John Tenniel and Keene to Phil May and Max Beerbohm, while the articles on Cape Colony and Central Africa are admirable summaries of the latest information. To return a moment after this brief survey to Mr. Dacey's introduction, one cannot help being struck by some of his concluding remarks, as, for

instance, when, after reviewing the practical condition of all the countries of Europe, he points out that the growth of Anarchism has driven the great mass of the middle-class in all civilized countries to look with suspicion on all popular agitators, and this change of sentiment has been one of the main causes of the Conservative reaction which we consider to have been the distinguishing feature of recent history. Might he not have added that, just as persecution produces a plentiful crop of martyrs, so does Conservative reaction stimulate Anarchic fanatics. It is no remedy, only a means of defence. Mr. Dacey also lays rather pathetic stress on the disappearance of ideas and sympathies which held sway in the earlier days of the Victorian Era. “Where is now the cult of foreign patriots? If any successor to the mantles of Kossuth, Garibaldi, Schamyl, Ledru Rollin or Mazzini were to appear in England, he would be received with absolute indifference, or handed over to the police.” Our Parliamentary system no longer excites the old admiration, nor have the Board Schools quite fulfilled expectations. It is all very true, but, on the other hand, Imperial Federation, which, if dreamed of in those days, was only regarded as the wildest of dreams, has come within the range of practical politics. In conclusion, one may say that while all possessors of the Ninth Edition must necessarily add to their shelves this supplementary series, none need think that this Supplement is no good without the old series. It is a complete and invaluable Encyclopædia in itself.

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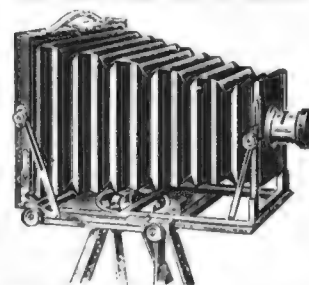
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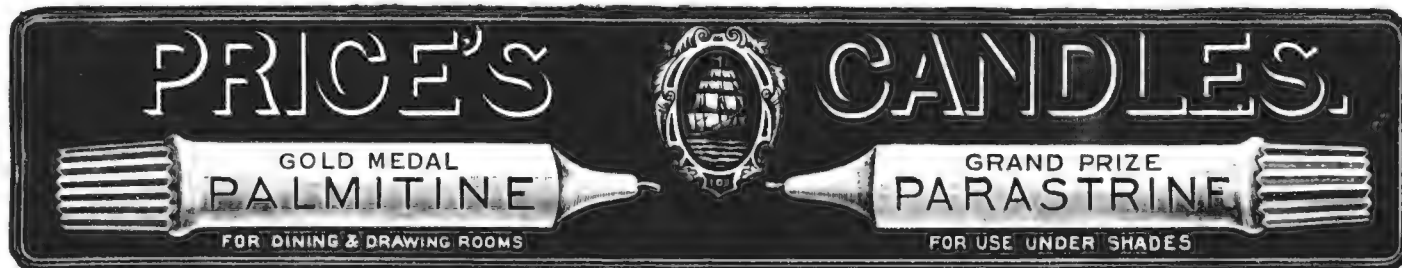


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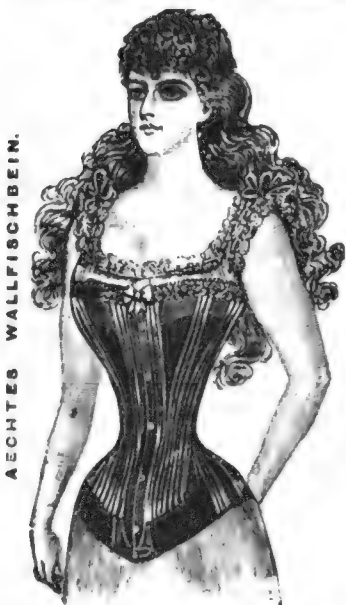
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